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## CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ... 269	Insurance and Temperance.
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—	By B. Lasker ... 286
The Future Work of the Government ... 272	Conditions of Endowment.
The Case for Railway Nationalisation ... 273	By Hugh Edwards ... 287
The Political Trials ... 274	Turkish Elections. By K. ... 287
The Crime of Being Inefficient ... 275	A Problem of Education.
The Trend of Foreign Policy. III.—The Doctrine of Compensation ... 276	By B.Sc. ... 287
A MEDICAL PLEA FOR THE INSURANCE ACT. By Two General Practitioners ... 278	Labor Policy in Australia.
LIFE AND LETTERS:—	By Radix ... 288
The World our Country ... 280	The Flogging of Vagrants.
On Imaginative Prose ... 281	By Robert Henderson ... 289
The International Flower ... 282	POETRY:—
NEW LAMPS FOR OLD:—	The Old Man. By Wilfred Wilson Gibson ... 289
IV.—The Groves of Academe. By H. W. N. ... 283	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ... 290
COMMUNICATIONS:—	REVIEWS:—
Liberalism in the Village. II.—The Laborer's Home. By Hugh Aronson ... 285	Robertson Smith ... 291
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—	The First English Playhouse ... 292
Miss Malecka and our Foreign Policy. By Robert Styling ... 285	Poetry and Satire ... 294
"The Sins of the Fathers." By Canon Arthur T. Bannister ... 286	The Ideal of Social Harmony ... 296
Discipline and the Reasonable Child. By Professor E. J. Urwick ... 286	Strife and Leisure ... 298
	BOOKS IN BRIEF:—
	Our Foreign Policy and Sir Edward Grey's Failure ... 300
	By-Ways of Belief ... 300
	My Life at Sea ... 300
	Cassell's Cyclopaedia of Photography ... 300
	The Annals of the Strand ... 300
	The Annals of Fleet Street ... 300
	The Heroic Age ... 302
	The Girlhood of Clara Schumann ... 302
	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ... 302

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## Diary of the Week.

ANOTHER great strike of sympathy has broken out. The Transport Workers' Federation has declared a general strike of its workers in the Port of London, based on a squabble between the watermen and lightermen's union and the Mercantile Lightermen's Company. This, like the trouble in the cotton trade, is a single-man dispute and it may involve 150,000 workers. A man who had been a foreman, but is now not engaged on foreman's work, refused to join the lightermen's society. Members of the union then refused to work with him, while the owners, on their side, refused to dismiss him. Carmen refused to handle goods diverted from the lightermen, other men stopped work, and the federations of masters and men struck in to the quarrel. The men allege various breaches of the autumn agreement, such as a prejudice against unionists, and a general disloyalty to it.

THE Government have asked Sir Edward Clarke to hold a special court of inquiry into the dispute; but both sides threaten a stubborn fight, and neither has called for the intervention of the Government, which is due to the request of the London Port Authority. The men have struck first, and invented a strike programme after-

wards. This appears to consist of two parts: first, a demand for the universal recognition of the Federation ticket—i.e., for the dismissal of all non-unionist workers; and, secondly, for a levelling-up of pay to the "best rates." This seems quite impracticable, but the case is to be more fully stated at the inquiry. At present ports other than London are exempt, but there is no guarantee that the strike infection will not spread. This impulsive strike anticipates a more considered movement in July.

THE statement made by Sir Edward Grey on Wednesday on Miss Malecka's case was guarded and brief. But it conveys the impression that he does realise the gravity of the affair. Papers will be laid both as to the trial and on the question of nationality. It is a fact that Miss Malecka was described in the indictment as a British subject, but the Russian Government none the less maintains its own view of her status. In regard to the sentence, Sir Edward Grey's perusal of our Consul's report has led him to the conclusion that "there is ground for a petition for the mitigation" of the sentence in view of its severity and the "character of the evidence on which the graver charges rest."

WE hope that the moderation of Sir Edward's language will not lead him into an unfortunate understatement of his case. If there is nothing against Miss Malecka but the fact that she has Socialist sympathies and Socialist friends, there ought, in this country, to be no talk of "mitigating" her sentence. It ought not to be admitted that a British subject may properly be punished for opinions which one at least of Sir Edward Grey's colleagues holds or has held. The only proper demand is for her release. A mitigation of a sentence of four years' penal servitude and life-long exile in Siberia might still be intolerably oppressive. But the whole question of the sentence, and of Miss Malecka's status, will be laid before the Cabinet, a decision which means, we trust, that Sir Edward Grey intends to recommend strong action.

THE Government have reduced Mr. Tom Mann's sentence of six months' imprisonment to two, but have intimated that they cannot assent to a further reduction. The trial of Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence—the leaders of the Women's Social and Political Union—has resulted in a sentence of nine months' imprisonment in the second division. The Attorney-General conducted the case with moderation, and Mrs. Pankhurst made a speech of great power of style and argument, which ranks high among examples of this form of oratory. The sentence appears to traverse the verdict of the jury, which was subject to a rider declaring that the motives of the prisoners were "undoubtedly pure," and that they should be treated with "the utmost clemency and leniency." Lord Coleridge appeared to disregard this finding on the ground that the defendants had expressed no "contrition" for their acts, and had given no pledge to avoid repeating them, and, therefore, that to make them first-class mis-

demeanants would be to endow them with fresh capacity to break the law. If this means that they would continue to conduct the agitation from prison, we do not think this is possible, nor do we see how the agitation can be stopped by degrading its leaders. On Wednesday, Mr. McKenna foreshadowed some modification of the sentence, but no early action. But a change in its character, if not in its term, should surely be made at once.

THE case of Enrico Malatesta has revealed an abuse of the Aliens Act which threatens the right of asylum hardly less directly than the original scandals in 1906, when Russian political refugees were turned back from our ports for want of a £5 note. He was charged with libelling another member of the Italian colony, and the sentence of three months' imprisonment was, in all the circumstances, harsh. After the verdict, Inspector Powell, of our "political" police, was allowed to come forward and give uncorroborated and, we believe, totally mistaken testimony to the effect that Malatesta is a dangerous anarchist. He is, in fact, a writer of real distinction, and a man of high character, whose views are those of a philosophic anarchist of Prince Kropotkin's school. He has written strongly against the physical force party, and it has even attempted to assassinate him.

THE judge thereupon added to his sentence a recommendation to deportation. This is, in effect, to deprive Malatesta of his only safe asylum, and to drive him from a country where his life has been blameless. The penalty of deportation was intended only for *procureurs*, thieves, and similar undesirables. Mr. McKenna stated, on Wednesday, in response to a strong and generous remonstrance from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, that he will hesitate before sanctioning deportation, but he said also that he will give due weight to police evidence. But surely the unsworn and unsifted suspicions of uneducated men in matters of political opinion deserve no weight at all.

VERY disquieting rumors are in circulation as to the naval position in the Mediterranean. The Prime Minister's and Mr. Churchill's visit is said to be connected with Lord Kitchener's objections to the scheme under which we virtually withdraw our naval power from the Middle Sea, and concentrate it on the North Sea, thus leaving to France the naval hegemony of the Mediterranean. This, of course, is a fresh and serious development of the Alliance-Entente. If Lord Kitchener has protested, he ought to have done so in private; but it is much more alarming to learn that there is a project—openly advocated by the "Times"—of creating a new fleet of Dreadnoughts for the Mediterranean. We cannot imagine that the Cabinet can contemplate such tremendous additions to the burden of our naval armaments. But serious reports are afloat.

THERE is every probability that some at least of the Colonies will realise that they can most effectively contribute to Imperial defence by allowing the capital ships which they contribute to be stationed in Home waters. In response to an appeal from Mr. Harcourt, the New Zealand Government has agreed to allow its battle-cruiser, now nearly completed, to be added to the Home Fleet. A telegram from Toronto in the "Times" foreshadows a similar decision by the Canadian Government, which is said to contemplate extensive building on the plan of contributions in cash or Dreadnoughts to the Imperial Navy, while a considerable defence fleet of smaller vessels will be maintained in the Pacific. The

Commonwealth of Australia so far adheres to its preference for purely local defence. Mr. Harcourt's despatch to New Zealand bases the request for the use of its ship on the increased programmes of other Powers. The new accessions from the Colonies will have to be reckoned henceforward in our Estimates when Mr. Churchill presents his case for supplementary estimates.

MR. ROOSEVELT had added the capture of Ohio to a series of unexpected successes. Ohio is Mr. Taft's native State, and its rejection of its "favorite son" is a blow almost unprecedented in the annals of American electioneering. It is now thought possible by good judges that Mr. Roosevelt may carry the Republican Convention, since some delegates may give an elastic interpretation to their mandates. Educated opinion, particularly in the Eastern States, and most of the Republican papers, are still violently opposed to the "Dictator," but his hold on the mass mind is evidently as strong as ever. That he could succeed against a strong Democratic nominee is, however, unlikely. There is no feud in the Democratic camp, but there are close divisions between the partisans of Mr. Champ Clark, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, and Governor Harmon, no one of whom seems likely to rally a two-thirds majority. The selection of Mr. Bryan is thought to be a probable result of so much hesitation.

THE Kaiser's threat to withdraw the constitution of Alsace-Lorraine, and to merge it in Prussia, came near causing an all-party revolt against his unconstitutional action. But the Reichstag proved itself too faction-ridden to seize the occasion. Herr Scheidemann, who raised the issue on behalf of the Socialists, spoiled his chance by too much wit. He remarked that to be absorbed in Prussia was certainly the heaviest penalty which any ruler could threaten. The Chancellor thereupon left the House, and Herr Scheidemann was ignominiously suspended. The general indignation will none the less prevent the execution of the threat. A sinister economic intrigue underlies the whole affair. It arose from the withdrawal of Imperial orders from an engineering firm until one of its directors should be dismissed, as a penalty for his French proclivities. The newspaper which led the campaign against him turns out to be in part the property of a rival engineering firm. It is a nice question whether anything worse could happen, even in Prussia.

MR. SAMUEL has announced a very workmanlike scheme of Post Office reform. This includes a plan of wireless telegraphy covering a continuous day and night service all over the Empire; a scheme of cheap night telegrams; and a Post Office tube railway scheme, stretching from East to West London, for the carriage of mails and parcels. This is a real piece of State carriage organisation. But on the allied question of railway nationalisation the Prime Minister, answering a deputation of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, has spoken with some caution, though not in a hostile sense. He thought that the case for State ownership had not yet been made out, and hinted that the State might not be able to buy on terms enabling it to reduce fares and rates, raise wages, and shorten hours of labor. But he also pointed to an inquiry which, we take it, the Government are ready to institute. The Parliamentary correspondent of the "Daily News" suggests that the Railway Rates Bill cannot pass, and that the demand for railway nationalisation is rapidly strengthening.

THE sensation of the "Titanic" inquiry has been the evidence of the Duff-Gordons. Sir Cosmo and his wife were both saved in No. 1 boat, which left the ship with only twelve persons on board. Sir Cosmo's evidence was frank enough. He admitted that he had heard "long, wailing cries" from the sinking ship, but did not think of returning as he was minding his wife, and was himself in an "abnormal" state. He also said that the promise to reward the crew with £5 apiece was made on the boat, but denied strongly that it was a bribe to stop them from going back. Lady Duff-Gordon denied that she heard any cries when the ship sank, and repudiated the whole of the story in the New York "American," which was signed with her name. She also appears to have turned to her secretary, when the ship went down, with its hundreds of souls, and said: "There goes your beautiful night-dress." The sailors' evidence was contradictory. Hendrickson repeated his statement that he cried out in the boat, "It is up to us to go back," but his comrades denied that they heard him make any such appeal. Further evidence showed that, though the ice-zone was plainly revealed to the "Titanic" by messages from other ships, the vessel plunged at full speed through it. But it was not clear how many of these messages reached the captain.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Buxton made on Tuesday a not very convincing defence of the action or inaction of the Board of Trade. He admitted that since 1894—when the scale of boats was made out for vessels of a maximum tonnage of 10,000—the Board of Trade had "deliberately abstained" from doing anything till 1911, when we reached the 40,000 tons of the "Olympic." He might have added that in that year the Board of Trade did not merely abstain from action, but invited the shipowners to cut down the existing provision of boats. Had this recommendation been carried out, the number of souls saved from the "Titanic" must have been greatly diminished. For the future, Mr. Buxton promised that all ocean-going ships should provide at least enough boats and rafts to save everybody on board. There is also to be an international conference, initiated by the German Government, on the general question of life-saving appliances and safety at sea.

MR. CHURCHILL has made a very proper use of the law of libel in procuring a final refutation of the gross charge of breaking his parole during the Boer War. The charge was last made in "Blackwood's Magazine," but for years it has been the staple of malicious gossip. Mr. Churchill has not asked for damages, while he has secured full retraction from "Blackwood's." But we have no doubt that the story will recur. In that event, Mr. Justice Darling has given the libellers full warning that the next case may properly be made a criminal one.

THE German magazine, "Nord und Sud" has published a number of striking communications from British public men on Anglo-German relationship. Lord Haldane and Mr. Bonar Law both contribute, but the most interesting letter is that of Mr. Balfour, which should be read with care. It is an instructed and singularly delicate tribute to German genius, and a very candid statement of Anglo-German relationships, which we are inclined to think will do good even to those who do not follow every step of the argument. Mr. Balfour blames pan-Germanism for having given an aggressive character to German armaments, but he entirely dis-

believes in the theory of a "predestined" war between the two countries, largely on the ground "that the appetite for domination belongs to an outworn phase of patriotism." We advance elsewhere an opposite theory of militant German policy. In taking leave of the German Colony in London, Count Wolff-Metternich, the departing German Ambassador, declared that the two peoples were receiving an "impulse for reconciliation and peaceful neighborliness" which, as he said with truth, he had helped to prepare.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking in Welsh at a great Convention of the Welsh Free Churches on Saturday week, made a brilliant point against the Dean and Chapter of Bangor, who, in welcoming the Primate to Wales, linked his visit with that of a former Archbishop in 1289, since when (to parody a famous advertisement) Wales has used no other. The Dean and Chapter went on to regret that Archbishop Davidson was not likely to stay as long as Archbishop Peckham. But who was Archbishop Peckham, and why did he stay so long in Wales? Because, said Mr. Lloyd George, his business was to "excommunicate and curse Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales," and the hero of the greatest episode in Welsh nationality. Mr. George's historic "blows and knocks" are becoming famous.

THE Lukacs Government in Hungary has lived long enough to make the masses sceptical as to the sincerity of its promises to introduce a Reform Bill. The Socialists of Budapest accordingly proclaimed a general strike for Thursday in favor of universal suffrage. The troops were called out, and replied by volleys to the stones of the strikers. There has been some loss of life, and a long tale of injuries, and already some observers declare that a revolutionary period has begun. More than half the population of Hungary is in permanent opposition to the Magyar Party of ascendancy.

H. W. M. WRITES: I regret my inability to do more than note the fine work of Miss Horniman's company during their three weeks' season in London. Those who have seen it must realise how far it excels in refinement, in charm, in balance and directness of representation, anything which comes out of the actor-manager system as practised on the London stage. It is less intellectually ambitious than it might be; the choice of modern plays might have been bolder and wider. But those who cannot enjoy this product of art in Manchester, and prefer the coarser food supplied them here, have only begun to taste the joys of dramatic art. Meanwhile, those who like experiments in representation must have been pleased by Mr. Garnett's adaptation (to be seen at the Little Theatre) of the old Spanish novel (1492) of "La Celestina." It is a *conte*, discursive, romantic in a full-blooded way, with a hint of Shakspearean comedy and a little coloring of Boccaccio. It was beautifully produced by Mr. Iden Payne, who got more effect of atmosphere out of a few cloths and suggestions of wall-space than our great West-End pantomimists achieve by spending a fortune. Miss Mona Limerick played the passion of love-sickness in a way that none of her contemporaries would have thought of playing it; but I cannot describe so striking and original a personality in a paragraph. Miss Isabel Grey had a brilliant part in "La Celestina"—she half-conceived it, but an actress of genius might have made it quite wonderful.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE FUTURE WORK OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE Government have accomplished the first stage of their journey. The Home Rule Bill and the Welsh Disestablishment Bill have both been read a second time, and though there is a slight weakening of the majority on the difficult problem of the disendowment of a weak branch of the Anglican Church, it holds for all the substantial purposes of the Session. Its leadership in the House of Commons is marked by prudence and ability, and if further cement were required, the language and demeanor of the new Tory Leader would supply it. If the immediate prospect be arduous, it is not discouraging. It is already clear that the Insurance Act will not fail, and that it will gradually be worked into the habits of the people. That end was assured when the friendly societies and the trade unions accepted it, and Mr. Masferrer is now able to announce that by the end of Whitsuntide four and a half million insurers will have selected their approved societies. No repeal is contemplated by the Tory Party; no fixed or intelligible policy of amendment is outlined or announced by them; and we make bold to say that when the doctors understand the Act, they will not only attain a satisfactory living wage, but will reach a more fruitful conception of their functions in a democratic State. The period of waiting for benefits is difficult, and we should like to see it abridged. Considering the strain and novelty of the experiment, the Government might in fairness consent to start employers and employees on a three months' novitiate, during which the State would pay all contributions and prepare both interests for the period of full responsibility. This course might involve a short Bill, to which Parliament would readily assent. The money is there, and the object is one to which a part of the realised surplus could properly be applied.

One further difficulty confronts the Government. They have not only to pass two Bills of undeniable complexity, but to pass them in a shape in which they will fairly stand criticism under the ordeal of a double rejection by the House of Lords. Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment cannot be destroyed; but they can be hung up for two years. Therefore, when they have passed the censure of both Chambers, they must be such as the considered judgment of the country will approve. They cannot be remodelled in 1913 and 1914, save with the consent of the Lords, and such a consent will probably be withheld. It is obvious, therefore, that fair time must be given for their consideration, and the Opposition must not be in a position to say with truth that they have never been discussed. In that case they would wear the aspect of Executive orders, rather than of measures bearing the full seal and superscription of a free Parliament. If the Opposition acted in good faith, both Bills could be threshed out within the limits of the summer and the autumn Sessions. Unfortunately, this assumption cannot be made. The Opposition is in extreme and not

very scrupulous hands, and the attempt will certainly be made to press unduly on trifles, so as to leave weightier matters undiscussed. It is hard to see how these tactics can be repelled under the system of closure by guillotine, either by clauses or by sections. But if the Government will consent to leave the guidance of the debates in the hands of the Chairman, and can trust him to make a fair selection of amendments, the object of a full and relevant review of the whole structure can, we believe, be attained. The Chairman of Committees acts under a joint responsibility to the Government and the House, so that this method, if not scientific, is an approach to the Parliamentary freedom which abuse has destroyed. We confess that we see no other course than the "kangaroo" closure or a series of violent and truncated debates. The power of selection is not, indeed, free from objection; it rests on the judgment of a single man, and endeavors may be made to overbear and to disconcert him. But the country will judge the fairness of such tactics, if they are employed, and we doubt their success.

Should the two governing Bills of the Session, with the smaller Reform Bill, be carried, the Ministry will then be faced with the vital problem of social policy and an electoral programme. On this we hope that they will take the wise precaution of fully informing their own minds, and thus of avoiding the serious evil—an evil both of substance and of appearance—of acting in haste and under pressure. Grave and fundamental problems of life and government confront us. The questions of the relation of the State to labor and labor earnings, to the organisation of its industries and means of transport in the interests of its internal trade, to the housing of the people, their education, the physical and moral deficiencies of a community whose land is not half-tilled, while its urban centres are overcrowded, and where the standard of culture and self-respect is often singularly low, all press for consideration and settlement. It is idle, and worse than idle, to pretend that these questions are forced on this nation alone, or by light-minded theorists and agitators. They are the vital problems of civilisation. We are not specially forward in solving them; among the reforming communities we are rather in the second flight than in the first. Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Germany, and France are ahead of us in the adaptation of their iron roads to the needs of their traders, farmers, and town workers. All these countries and some more far excel us in the development of their agriculture; all of them attach a fuller meaning and a higher value to education, and are farther on the way to the solution of the master-problem of all, the problem of equality.

Let us do this Government the justice of admitting that they are the first really modern Administration that Great Britain has had since Home Rule broke up the old Liberal Party. An able and open-minded Liberal Government, fairly representative of its advanced sections, of its thinkers and reformers as well as of its arts of diplomacy and management, is the best administrative force that this country can show, and there is no alternative to it. The succession of Mr. Bonar Law to Mr. Balfour seemed to promise a more adaptive and sympathetic type of Toryism. But the leader who has



pledged himself to the conspiracy against labor which calls itself Protection has not for a moment suggested that he even understands the policy of State regulation which, in Australia, is the barrier that labor erects to temper the cutting force of the tariff, and to divert some of its spoils to the wage-earning classes. Liberalism, with its responsibility to the Empire and its duty to adjust the pace of social reform to the character of our people and the conditions of our external trade, cannot indeed satisfy a revolutionary party, and ought not to try. But it must thoroughly equip itself for the mingled work of inquiry and development on which the efficiency of the country depends.

Now, the governing brains of the Ministry are very good, and though we call Mr. Asquith a moderate statesman, he does not seem to us to put the mere criticism of advanced movements too high. But there are weak spots in the inner councils of the Administration, and we have never been able to understand why they were passed over when the last Cabinet "shuffle" was accomplished, and why, in particular, two great public departments of the first importance—the Education Office and the Local Government Board—have been left virtually derelict. The case of the Local Government Board is serious. It is no slur on an able and attractive public man that by the natural evolution of his mind and character he seems to have developed a conscientious objection to Poor Law Reform, to Housing Reform, to the taxation of land values, and, indeed, to four-fifths of the constructive programme of his party. When Mr. Burns makes his rare appearances in public debate, it is usually as a critic of modern Radicalism. There have been moments when that criticism has been valuable and sound. But it is a serious matter that the Passive Resister of Downing Street should be able to sterilise a whole Ministry of the Interior, so that the Cabinet have to divert from his Department the consideration and initiation of reforms which properly belong to it, and to turn them on to the Treasury, which is a machinery for supervising the expenditure of public money, not for promoting and organising it. It is not as if the task of the Government were done. Liberalism is not a mere organ of destruction; and it would be wrong and short-sighted to break up the great estates, and supersede the patriarchalism of the old English village, without making way for the new land tenure and the new social order.

#### THE CASE FOR RAILWAY NATIONALISATION.

Mr. Asquith suggested to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress last Monday that he considered the case for Nationalisation of the Railways was as yet not proven. But we think that there can be no doubt that many strengthening currents of public opinion and of business interest are converging towards an early solution of the question along the lines of public ownership and administration. The labor argument, taken alone, may not carry full conviction. But it cannot easily be set aside, especially in view of recent experiences. So long as the determination of conditions of

labor remains in the hands of the private companies, it will remain extremely difficult, perhaps impossible, to secure for all classes of railway workers satisfactory wages, hours, and security of life and limb. Last autumn's precarious "settlement" adds fresh testimony to this truth. Certain grades of workers have indeed obtained a substantial increase of pay. But a hundred thousand men are still in receipt of a weekly wage not exceeding 20s., a sum inadequate to support a family in physical efficiency. The railway directors express no present intention of redressing a grievance which, so long as it remains unredressed, will cause discontent and threaten stoppage in an industry whose regular operation is of vital importance to the whole nation. As the process of combination proceeds in the working arrangements of the Companies, Trade Unionism alone will prove a relatively weaker instrument for securing decent conditions of employment for railway workers. For though the large economies which these combinations enable the Companies to practise may continue to raise, as they are now raising, the net profits, collective bargaining affords no security that any considerable share of these new gains shall pass to labor.

But the case for nationalisation, as an inevitable result of the passage of our railroads from the era of competition to that of combination, does not rest only upon the claims of labor. There is a real danger lest the trading and the travelling public should find themselves subjected to heavy tolls and other injurious conditions imposed by the private owners of what are, in substance, the national high roads. The control of a Government Department is notoriously difficult to enforce where strong business men combine against it. An excellent illustration of this is furnished by the Railway Bill recently introduced into Parliament. This measure deprives traders of all real power to check arbitrary increases of rates by placing upon them an *onus probandi* which, in the nature of the case, is impossible. To defeat the timid protection which the Board of Trade might afford to traders and the travelling public must always remain a comparatively easy task for the powerful railroad men.

But mere protection against high rates or unfair discrimination, even were Board of Trade control adequate to secure it, does not meet the requirements of the public. The new developmental policy, to which this Government has committed itself, depends for its success more upon a bold experimental treatment of the transport problem than upon any other factor. The liberty necessary for these fruitful experiments involves the State ownership of railroads. No reformed policy of land or housing is safe or practicable, either for town or country, without the full control of the effective means of transport. The reduction of fares and the better choice of trains and routes, so essential in order to break up slum life in our great cities, to reduce rents, and to bring the working class families into more healthy surroundings, cannot be extorted from private companies. It can only be adopted as an integral portion of a great public policy, not always immediately and separately remunerative, but justified on larger, broader grounds of public health and well-being. In a word, the public railroad policy differs

vitality in several important respects from the private profit-making policy, and if the former is to be secured, it can only be by nationalisation.

It is, of course, true that all these public facilities and improvements cannot be got without paying for them. If wages are to be raised for railway workers, and reasonably low rates and fares secured for traders and travellers; if branch lines are to be used for developing districts on which the traffic will not yield an early, full return; if the dispersion of congested populations is to be achieved, can such enhanced expenditure be met out of the revenue of the railroads? To such relevant questions it is, of course, not possible to vouchsafe any confident reply. Unless it were decided to charge part of the expenditure of a progressive rate of policy upon the general revenue of the country, as in the case of ordinary highways, it would be necessary to move by slow degrees until the productivity of the new projects was ascertained. But, in the earlier stages at any rate, a great deal would depend upon the terms of purchase upon which the transfer from private to public ownership was obtained. And here a word of warning is requisite. It is becoming very evident that the attitude of many railroad owners towards nationalisation is one rather of favor than of apprehension. Having in mind the precarious nature of a property usually ill-managed, and exposed to new demands, not only in respect of wages and of price of fuel, but of organic reconstruction, they are very willing to contemplate a deal with the Government, provided that the terms are favorable.

Past experience shows that expropriation is usually a process highly profitable to the vendors to Government. If, moreover, a few years of the new amalgamation policy, with rising dividends, can be counted in to the basis upon which the purchase-price is computed, a bargain, very advantageous to shareholders, might be concluded. Now, it is of urgent importance that while a fair payment ought to be made for the railroads, no extravagant terms shall be arranged for expropriation. In their beginning the railways were loaded with masses of surplus capital, representing the extortions of landlords and lawyers, upon which dividends had to be paid. If upon this surplus another surplus were heaped, based on an excessive valuation of the railway properties taken over by the State, the public undertaking would be so crippled at its start as to impede the social policy it was designed to serve. We, therefore, earnestly hope that if the investigation which Mr. Asquith suggests shows signs of favoring the solution which seems to us inevitable, the attention of the public will concentrate itself upon the question of valuation as a condition of the purchase of the railways by the State.

#### THE POLITICAL TRIALS.

THE country is, we think, getting somewhat tired of political trials. It is the normal business of judges to try persons with direct individual motives for crime, not people with idealist, or even perverse, views of the social or the moral order. To this latter class belong syndicalists, feminists, and philosophical "anarchists," who within the last few weeks have been tried and

sentenced to terms of imprisonment. They have all broken the law; and yet they are all people whose special trouble is discontent with society, not because it fails to minister to their personal appetites, but because it does not correspond with their vision of justice. Say what we will of people like Mr. Mann, or Mrs. Pankhurst, or Count Malatesta, that is the category to which they belong, and we think it most unfortunate that in a time of general unsettlement, but of no great violence or social peril, they should have found their way to the dock and the prison cell. Mr. Mann is soon to be released; and this is well, for it seems doubtful whether he was ever guilty of a crime, and not at all doubtful that, as a matter of policy, he should never have been called on to stand his trial. If it be true, as it is true, that the law does not protect a British soldier from the legal consequences of killing a fellow-citizen during a strike, he is clearly offered the delicate choice of being shot for disobeying an order to fire or hanged for obeying it. He is, therefore, almost bidden to debate this question for himself; and if an agitator like Mr. Mann tries to guide his decision, it is hard to say at what point a really criminal offence arises. Mr. Mann did not put the position fairly or clearly; but it is obvious that the Government should have let this obscure seed drop by the wayside instead of planting it out and watering it from a thousand rills.

We are not sure that the Malatesta case does not raise a still more serious issue. We set aside the charge of libel, though three months' imprisonment seems a disproportionate penalty for the crime of saying that a great many people considered another Italian gentleman to be a "spy." We never knew a society of advanced politicians in which some gentleman (or gentlemen) were not considered spies; and as the charge can never be proved or disproved, its investigation strikes us as a comparatively unprofitable exercise for the wits of a British jury. But it is a more serious matter when a police-officer steps forward, and informs the Court, apparently without the formality of entering the witness-box, of his unfavorable opinion of Count Malatesta's character, with a view to his deportation under the Aliens Act. The judge accepted this recommendation, but we do not for a moment imagine that the Government will pay the smallest heed to it. The Liberal Party is under formal pledge not to twist a power designed to rid the country of the vilest type of personal criminal into a weapon for breaking the right of asylum. Such a breach would plainly occur in the banishment of Malatesta, who, as many politicians can testify, is a propagandist of the creed professed by Herbert Spencer and Prince Kropotkin, the shades of which are almost as varied as the temperaments and intellectual fancies of mankind. We believe Mr. Macdonald to be entirely right when he declares Malatesta to belong to the right wing of this movement, and to have dissociated himself strongly, and even violently, from criminal anarchists like Ravachol or Bonnot.

The conviction of the leaders of the Women's Social and Political Union differs somewhat from that of the Syndicalists and of Malatesta, though all these cases present a warning to the Government of the

disabling effect of their decision to pass over the deliberate and open organisation of sedition, accompanied by the importation of arms, in Ulster. Beside that offence the window-breaking raid of the suffragettes is as a skirmish of outposts to a pitched battle. For their tactics we feel no sympathy whatever. The movement has been led into a morass by over-clever people, blind to the plain truth that if violence often destroys public causes and provokes an enduring reaction, petty violence, which is the only force that women can employ, is a specially unsound ally. But it would be unjust to take the further step of denying a political character to the offence and to the instigators of it. The jury took a discriminating view of the case, and passed a verdict obviously directed to a light sentence and to the treatment of Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence as first-class offenders. The judge paid some heed to the first intention and none to the second. But that is a defeat of the verdict, and if juries are thus treated by judges, they have no security that their deliberate decision stands. The Government, however, are free, and it is for them to see that offenders whose motives are declared to be "undoubtedly pure" are not besmirched by a form of punishment which, in fact, declares them to be common and impure. Lord Coleridge seems to think that the treatment of Mrs. Pankhurst and the Lawrences as first-class offenders would be a form of license to carry on their agitation from their cells. We cannot conceive this to be possible. But it is possible, and indeed probable, that the absence and degradation of the leaders of a political movement will have the normal effect of inflaming the followers. This is where the law stops short, and the judgment of statesmen must come in.

#### THE CRIME OF BEING INEFFICIENT.

If Mr. Wells had written a romance to describe the life of a community which had adopted a eugenic discipline, we should all in some degree have felt that the future had come near us. The publication of the book would have been an event of the year, and the educated world would at once have ranged itself into two camps hotly debating the menace, or, as some would say, the promise, of the coming despotism. The thing is actually upon us. But because it is embodied in the technical phraseology of a Government Bill "presented by Mr. Secretary McKenna, supported by Mr. Ellis Griffith," it has stirred no pulse, and has almost failed to inspire a leading article. There is, happily, good reason to doubt whether a lengthy and elaborate Bill which abolishes some of the more fundamental rights of free men and women can in this over-crowded session find its way to the Statute Book. But we do not care to trust over-much to that obstacle. The Opposition has developed positive enthusiasm for eugenic legislation, and a private member's Bill has already been referred to a Grand Committee. If we may judge from the attitude of the House in Friday's debate, Mr. Wedgwood is the only member who has sufficiently applied his mind to these proposals to realise how debatable they are in theory, and how perilous they must be in effect. A further

acquaintance with this very crude manifesto of the gospel of efficiency will certainly bring recruits to Mr. Wedgwood's side; to understand it is to end it.

Let us attempt to summarise what it is that Mr. McKenna's Bill proposes. It aims at setting up in every county and borough a register of mentally defective persons, who are placed under the control of the county or borough council, subject to the supervision of Commissioners attached to the Home Office. It will be the "duty" of every public servant—doctors, relieving officers, and even constables—to make this register complete. From schools, prisons, and workhouses the quota of "defectives" will steadily flow, and a new terror will haunt the lives of the inefficient and the miserable. Every destitute applicant will know that when he visits a relieving officer he may be confronting a eugenic bent on the elimination of the unfit; every waif who strays into a night-shelter, every woman of the streets who attracts the notice of a policeman on his beat, will feel the shadow of the house of detention across their lives. The process, once set in motion by a relative, a "friend," or a public official, will be summary and secret. The certificates of two doctors will suffice to condemn, and the verdict of a police magistrate, given without a jury, in a court which is to sit in private, may doom a "defective" to a fate hardly distinguishable from life-long imprisonment. Doctors exercise a grave responsibility at present in witnessing to the mental condition of the insane. Two experienced and conscientious men may fairly decide whether a fellow-creature is an idiot, or an imbecile, or a dangerous lunatic. But the definition of a "defective" which figures in this Bill lies wholly outside the scope of any medical diagnosis. It calls for no expert tests, and any layman of common sense is as fit to apply it as the greatest authority on mental diseases. A "defective" within the meaning of the Bill includes the idiot, the imbecile, and the lunatic, the dull and backward child, the habitual criminal, the habitual drunkard, such other classes as the Home Secretary may choose to specify by an order, and persons whom it is "desirable in the interests of the community to deprive of the opportunity of procreating children." This is sufficiently wide and sufficiently elastic, and empowers any enthusiastic eugenicist, who rises to office, to make what experiments he pleases upon the community. It would include persons held to be, for any medical or sociological reason, undesirable breeding stock, even when no doctor, relieving officer, or constable could question their mental capacity. But the real novelty of this definition is contained in the following category:—

"Feeble-minded persons; that is to say, persons who may be capable of earning their living under favorable circumstances, but are incapable, through mental defects existing from birth or from an early age: (1) of competing on equal terms with their normal fellows; or (2), of managing themselves and their affairs with ordinary prudence."

There seemed to be some doubt in the mind of speakers in Friday's debate how many "defectives" there are with whom it is desirable to deal. Estimates ranged from a quarter of a million to sixty thousand. If this clause stands, the number, we suppose, might run



into two or three millions. It may be resumed in one word—the unfit. It would cover every man and woman who could, by his record, be pronounced congenitally incapable or inefficient. It would include the harmless village “natural,” but it would also include the tramp, the vagrant, the mendicant, and a large proportion of our casual laborers and the “submerged tenth.” It includes every man or woman who has failed in the struggle for existence, provided the failure declared itself at an early age. The drag-net would sweep the slums, the workhouses, and the casual ward, but it would take its tribute even from genius. Goldsmith and Cowper would have fared ill from such a definition, and it may be questioned whether Leigh Hunt was quite capable of managing his affairs “with ordinary prudence.” It is designed apparently to catch chiefly the merely incompetent man or woman who is employed when work is plentiful, who can secure odd jobs at harvesting and similar seasonal employments, who is for ever in and out of work, distributing circulars or cleaning windows or picking hops, but cannot, on the average, justify himself by an economic test of efficiency. There are savage tribes which deal with the old and infirm by knocking them on the head. The modern efficient community will certify them “defective.”

The Bill is fairly explicit in defining the various classes of the “defective,” and in outlining the process by which they are to be deprived of their civil rights. Their subsequent history allows more scope for conjecture. The secret court with its two expert witnesses is expected to sentence them for a year, but the Commissioners can at their pleasure renew their doom periodically for one year or for five. It is expressly provided that the Home Office may deal with them in batches, and apparently the process will be that the custodians of the unfit will annually send in their lists, which a clerk in Whitehall will duly countersign as a matter of routine. The choice of two fates is open. The “defective” may be sent to a licensed institution conducted for profit, or to some of the State institutions to be created for the purpose. The alternative is that he should be consigned to the care of a “guardian,” not necessarily a relative, who will have over him the authority of a parent over a minor. It will be a misdemeanor for a “defective” to marry, or for normal persons to have sexual intercourse with a defective woman. That merciful protective provision, which is perhaps the one good thing in the Bill, is completed by another clause which makes cruelty on the part of guardians a misdemeanor. But for the rest, what picture can we frame of the life of these people cut off from their kind? In plain words, they are for the crime of inefficiency to be imprisoned on an indeterminate sentence. The atmosphere of prison is over the whole scheme. It is expressly laid down that existing prisons may be adapted for the reception of “defectives,” and whether consigned to an institution or to guardians, they are, if they attempt to escape, subject to pursuit and arrest like convicts who have broken prison or fugitive slaves in the old Southern States. The discipline of an institution whose inmates are unfree must necessarily be a prison discipline, based on punishment and the strait jacket.

The plan of assigning defectives of mature years to the care of “guardians,” with the police to watch the door of the house, is nothing less than a revival in a peculiarly odious form of the “domestic institution.” Working without wages, forbidden to change their masters, subject, if they have the wit and resolution to make a complaint which can be heard outside, to the inevitable retort that their stories of ill-usage are the vaporings of a feeble mind, these defectives will be a helot class, reduced in the name of science and efficiency to a status hardly distinguishable from slavery.

The plain fact is that this astonishing Bill is much more than a plan for dealing with the unhappy case of the feeble-minded. It is a first essay in legislation to regulate the breeding of the race, and with this questionable experiment it associates a scheme for settling the problem of the unemployable. Voluntary labor colonies have been scouted by the President of the Local Government Board, and we are not strong advocates of them. But in their place we are to have gaol-like institutions in which the economically unfit are to be herded with idiots, lunatics, and habitual criminals. A sentence graver in its effects than most of those passed at the Assizes, since it is to be foreseen that it will normally run for life, is to be imposed by a magistrate without the safeguard of a jury. Mr. McKenna offers the apology that to many of these degenerates and incompetents liberty is a burden which they would only too gladly renounce. If that is the fact, the whole case for this machinery of compulsion falls to the ground.

But such remedies for the social evil of a degenerate or defective class can only be the temporary palliative, the incidental accessory, to a treatment more fundamental. Under the whole eugenic theory lies an assumption which we believe to be as unscientific as it is menacing to liberty. We have just escaped from the school which diagnosed incompetence and degeneracy as a form of moral evil, and traced unemployment and failure merely to faults of character. The modern cant which has replaced it insists rather on bad heredity. If the degenerate stocks, it argues, could but be segregated and sterilised for a generation, the race would be healthy and competent, as a result of a process of artificial selection. There is just this element of plausibility in the contention—that bad hereditary conditions are usually combined with bad conditions after birth. But all the experience which medical observation has lately accumulated goes to show that the difference at birth between one baby and another may largely be remedied by care. Measure the growth of children at an elementary school, and their height, their chest-measurement, and their freedom from physical defects are found to correspond, with almost mathematical accuracy, to such a test of their conditions as is furnished, for example, by the number of rooms which they inhabit. Watch the diet of the nursing infant, attend to the feeding of the child at school, check defects in vigilantly conducted “clinics,” send obstinate cases to open-air schools, and the influences which a superficial diagnosis would attribute to bad heredity can usually be overcome. The defects of the parent count for little if the conditions after birth can

be equalised. This charlatan's talk of imprisoning the unfit and sterilising the degenerate parent is a partially conscious attempt to cripple social reform.

### THE TREND OF FOREIGN POLICY.

#### III.—THE DOCTRINE OF COMPENSATION.

THERE has been evolved amid the stress of recent conflicts a doctrine, novel in diplomatic practice and unknown to any theory of international usage, which is none the less more sovereign and more potent than any principle which a jurist would defend. The doctrine of compensations is the practical outcome of the struggle for a balance of power. Two groups of armed States wrestle incessantly for opportunities to expand overseas. They rarely succeed in frustrating each other's efforts. It may be doubted whether they seriously try. The obstacles which each can place in the other's path are designed to serve a purpose more self-regarding and more realistic than the mere satisfaction of the instinct of rivalry. The pressure is prolonged, the danger accentuated, only up to a point which will enable the more passive Power to assume, in its turn, the aggressive.

The struggle is, at bottom, for the acquisition of fields of economic opportunity. Survey the process for a moment without regard to its incidents of diplomatic clash, and in essence it amounts to this: The modern industrial system has everywhere reached a phase at which capital accumulates in aggregations which luxury cannot spend nor native enterprise absorb. A close analysis of this process would inquire whether a higher standard of living among the workers would not in its turn give a stimulus to the home market, which would create a demand for the services of this surplus capital at home. A comparison of the conditions which prevail in Lancashire and the Rhineland on the one hand, and in India and China on the other, might suggest that one potent motive in this migration of capital is the instinct to exploit cheaper and less protected strata of labor. But such reflections are irrelevant to a broader survey of the process. Capital is gradually spreading itself from the more developed over the less civilised portions of the earth.

The process, however, instead of being governed by purely economic conditions is influenced and deflected by national rivalries. The trader in goods follows the call of a demand. The financier can move only when his flag goes with him. In all his dealings with a semi-civilised Government, whether in China, Persia, Turkey, or North Africa, the banker and the concessionaire dare take no step without the backing and endorsement of their Legations. One merchant competes with another without a thought of invoking diplomatic aid. But two syndicates competing for a concession or a loan are, under modern conditions in Constantinople or Peking, simply the clients of their respective Embassies, which tend to act for them as a solicitor may act for his principal. The first phase of competition inevitably verges on a second phase, in which the competitors struggle no longer for this and the other opportunity, but rather for exclusive spheres of economic interest in which every

chance of gain, as it arises, will fall automatically to their clients. There is no natural and uniform movement of Western capital eastwards and southwards. There is rather, under the influence of the oscillating balance of power, a rush, now hither, now thither, and a continual checking of outlets, followed by an opening of doors, as one Power or one group gains a momentary ascendancy over the other.

A philosophic critic of this movement of capital in search of foreign monopolies and exclusive spheres would have much to say of the peril which it involves to the national life of backward peoples, and of its oppressive exploitation of unprotected races. But in one form or another the process is inevitable, and brings with it some ultimate promise of good. Our concern is to note that the conditions under which it takes place to-day are the worst possible, whether we consider the peace and goodwill of Europe or the liberties and development of peoples beyond its limits. The doctrine of compensations puts a premium on predatory adventure, and makes it an interest of neutral Powers who ought to wield a collective conscience, to tolerate the violence which they ought to prevent in the hope of themselves securing a license for some act as questionable. The train of consequences which began with our occupation of Egypt and ended—if such a *perpetuum mobile* can ever have an end—with the Italian raid on Tripoli, is the perfect illustration of the doctrine of compensations. France for a time professed an ardent sympathy with Egyptian nationalism, which ended abruptly with our assent to her taking of Morocco. The Kaiser, in turn, proclaimed himself the paladin of Moslem peoples, until in turn his zeal for Moorish liberties was bought off by economic concessions in Morocco and a slice of Congo territory. Austria had helped Germany on "the duelling ground" of Algeçiras, and in due course the friend "in shining armor" stood beside her when Serbia had to be bullied and Russia overawed, with Bosnia as the stake. We paid for Russian aid in Persian liberties, and Germany, in her turn, when the Persians appealed to her sympathies was able to extract from Russia the advantages of the Potsdam Agreement. The French foreclosing on Morocco was the signal for the Italian raid on Tripoli, and Russia has made no secret of her intention to enforce payment for the countenance which she has given to the Italian brigandage, by securing the coveted outlet of the Dardanelles. All the rivalries, all the jealousies, all the competing armaments of Powers fail to prevent an act of rapine or to preserve the existing balance of territorial arrangement. The continual stress of the pressure to maintain a balance results only in the extension of the area of pillage.

How far is such a process inevitable in the Europe we know to-day? If its motive and occasion is primarily the restless search of unemployed capital for fields of opportunity, need we assume that an adjustment of business interests must necessarily involve all the accompaniments and passions of an old-world dynastic struggle? We traced, last week, the course of the Moroccan dispute, and saw in it a proof that Germany had throughout pursued an intelligible economic end. In retrospect, there seems to be no reason why, if the

original secret treaty of partition had been avoided, or if Germany had been fully consulted about it, an arrangement on the basis of a sharing of financial opportunities should not have been reached in 1904 as easily as it was reached in 1911. It pleases us to assert that Germany is conducting a world-struggle with the object of bringing France within the orbit of her diplomacy. That phrase connotes, as our statesmen use it, some relationship of subjection, in which France will be used in Europe under the menace of German armaments to further German purposes.

But what are German purposes? There is no profit in vague speculation. We can make an inquisition into motive only by considering the origin of a dispute and the terms on which a settlement has seemed to be within reach. Is it the lost provinces on the one side or the passion for hegemony on the other that really make the Franco-German tension? In a world which seems in its foreign relations to be primarily concerned with vast economic enterprises, there are two central facts to remember about France and Germany. France is a lending, Germany a borrowing, Power. The European tension and the first tentative sign of the present grouping began before the Moroccan conflict. Our difficulties with Germany dated from the refusal of Mr. Balfour's Government, under pressure from the "Times," to assent to a German proposal for the financing of the Bagdad railway. The terms, it may be, were open to legitimate criticism, and in their first form deserved perhaps to be rejected. But the rejection was so managed as to prepare the breach which afterwards became acute. British and French finance, with diplomacy behind them, made an informal *entente*, which was used to starve and delay the march of a beneficial German undertaking.

The Moroccan conflict followed, and a first essay at a comprehensive reconciliation with Germany was attempted without result by M. Rouvier, who was banker as well as Premier and Foreign Secretary. In its final stage a banker was once more at the head of affairs, and in outline, at least, we know what were the bases on which M. Caillaux sought an understanding. They were purely financial. French money was to assist the boycotted Bagdad railway, and German securities were to be admitted to the Paris Bourse. That was the peril which mobilised all the alarms of our Imperialists. When we analyse the phrase that France was being drawn into the orbit of German diplomacy, it turns out to mean that Germany came near being admitted within the orbit of French finance. It would have been a powerful combination—the marriage for the world's work of German enterprise with French thrift. It would have meant that the savings of the French investor would have poured less into the dubious adventures of Russian loans and Russian industries, and more into the undertakings of German science and combination abroad and at home. It would have meant a permanent peace across the guarded frontier on a basis of common profits and mutual confidence. It may amuse the romantic commentator on high politics to imagine that a goal of German ambition is to seize Antwerp or to dominate Holland. To the student of affairs who has understood something of the aims and thoughts of Real-Politik, it is a much more

probable suspicion that in all these years the underlying thought of German policy has been to break down the factitious barrier which excluded German enterprise from the use of French capital. It is not, fairly regarded, a dangerous or an anti-European aim.

## A MEDICAL PLEA FOR THE INSURANCE ACT.

BY TWO GENERAL PRACTITIONERS.

IN the political controversy raging round the Insurance Act the medical profession must, above all things, guard itself against being exploited for party purposes. Its object must be to study the question on its merits without political bias and from the professional point of view.

The Act is now the law of the land, and although on many points amendments will be found necessary, such amendments will be on matters of detail rather than of principle. After the recommendations of the recent Poor Law Commission, some such scheme was inevitable, and it is difficult to imagine that any great contributory scheme of insurance against sickness and unemployment could have been organised on other lines.

It must be remembered that, even if there were a change of Government, the Act would remain in force. Amendments would be introduced, but a repeal of the measure is unthinkable. The principle of the Act has been accepted by the profession and affirmed at the representative meeting at the Guildhall in February last. It now lies with us to prove, not simply to assert to the Government, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the public, that the terms offered to us are inadequate. The profession should not approach the Commissioners in any huckstering spirit, but should rely on the sense of fairness and compromise which has always been so successful in the past.

The authors would ask the profession carefully to think over the information contained in these articles, and to consider whether the views expressed are not fair and reasonable.

### I.—INTRODUCTORY.

For the last twenty years the work of the general practitioner has been steadily diminishing. The spread of special hospitals, the abuse of the out-patient departments, the loss of the midwifery work (70 to 80 per cent. of the cases in large towns are attended by midwives), the removal of the acute specific fever cases to the Asylums Board hospitals, all these circumstances have seriously lessened the doctor's work and income. In addition, and by far the most important aspect of the matter, is the improvement in the public health due to better knowledge of sanitation and human life.

The establishment of school clinics, and the appointment of health visitors, are already having a great effect in the prevention and cure of illness. The future of medical men working on the old lines is precarious indeed. Public health will tend to improve still further, and the doctor's work to become less and less. Under the Insurance Act we are given, as an alternative, employment by the Government and *guaranteed* payment (on a capitation system) for about one-third of the population, many of whom are—and always have been in the past—quite unable to pay the cost of adequate medical attendance.

The question of the Post Office contributor class has caused much searching of heart. It is evident that one immediate result of the Act will be an enormous increase in the number and membership of approved friendly societies. Indeed, the workers will be very foolish if they do not make every effort to join these societies, as the prospects of future additional benefits are very considerable.

The Post Office depositors, therefore, will be the poorest, most thriftless, and most helpless derelicts of our unequal social system. This class lives as a rule in densely populated areas, and its ill-health is a constant source of danger to the rest of the community, and



needs the most urgent care and the best skill available. It must be mentioned again that these people hitherto have never paid for medical treatment, but that under the Act a capitation fee will be paid for them.

It must emphatically be pointed out that in the course of time this class of insured will disappear, because practically all the young workers will in the future join the approved friendly societies. The present Post Office contributors are largely the victims of poverty and unemployment, and much of their ill-health is due to the fact that they have never been able to make provision for "a rainy day." It is notoriously true that unemployment produces poverty, poverty produces illness, and that if these conditions last for some months the unemployed become unemployable. This deplorable condition, with its terrible waste of human energy and commercial value, may be made almost impossible under the Insurance Act.

A small remnant of vicious wastrels will doubtless remain, but these need disciplinary measures, which hardly come under the scope of the Act.

As regards the midwives, the nurses of the school clinics, and the health visitors, a very important point arises for serious and careful thought. The intentions of these workers are excellent, and it must be admitted that much good has resulted from their efforts. At the same time they cannot speak with the authority of a doctor, and their advice and direction on such vitally important matters as infant and child-feeding should not be given unless fully confirmed and controlled by medical men. There is always a tendency for such workers to assume expert medical knowledge (which, of course, they do not possess), often with disastrous consequences to the children.

## II.—CAN THE DOCTORS DO THE WORK?

Can the medical profession perform the work expected of them under the Insurance Act?

There are 30,000 qualified medical men in Great Britain, and of these only about 20,000 are in active practice as general practitioners, and will be eligible for service under the Act, as allowance must be made for those practitioners who have retired, who hold public or other appointments, or are unlikely, owing to advanced age, to work under the Act.

Of the 42,000,000 persons in Great Britain, about one-third, or 14,000,000, will be entitled to the benefits of the Insurance Act. This includes practically all the weekly wage earners, both men and women.

Under present conditions, it will be seen, therefore, that the general practitioner is potentially concerned, on an average, with rather more than 2,000 persons. In the wealthy portions of large towns the proportion is undoubtedly less; in the country, and in the densely populated areas of the big towns, the proportion is rather more.

Experience has proved that, in general practice among the weekly wage-earning classes, at least two-thirds of the work is for women and children. Amongst the well-to-do classes, the proportion is far more than two-thirds. It must be remembered that only women working in regular industrial employment can claim medical benefit, and the majority of these are young and unmarried. With the young lives, as shown by the sickness and mortality tables of insurance companies and friendly societies, the incidence of disease is slight, and the recovery from attack rapid. The attendance upon the married women and children will be paid for as at the present time.

It is an indisputable fact that very many doctors, especially in large towns, are in the present conditions under-employed. Young men newly qualified and fresh from the responsibility of some resident hospital post, on starting practice, find that their services are not at all in demand. All their enthusiasm for work is apt to become blunted, and their patiently acquired knowledge of clinical and laboratory methods of diagnosis is also apt to rust for want of use. This want of work is almost a tragedy to a sensitive man with little means.

Under the Act, the Insurance Committees will find

it necessary to distribute those of the insured who have either failed to make a choice of doctor from the panel, or have been refused attendance by a doctor on that panel. Most of these people will, of course, belong to the Post Office class of contributors, and it will be a good thing for this class of insured to be taken care of by the young, keen, and capable men, fresh from their hospital training, to whom doubtless they will be allotted.

The insurance of industrial workers who earn from £2 to £3 a week, has caused much dissatisfaction, but it must be remembered that this class is comparatively small in number, very healthy as a rule, and that the insurance does not cover their wives and children, with whom most of the work of the family doctor is concerned. In London and many large cities, a vast army of clerks deal with the financial operations of the trade of the country. This class, a very healthy one on the whole, commonly earns from £2 to £3 a week, and no one aware of their keen struggle against poverty, could wish them excluded from any advantage they may gain from the Insurance Act. Attendance upon their wives and children will be paid for privately, but probably the doctor, knowing that the bread-winner is well insured, will feel justified in asking for a rather higher fee than he has been in the habit of charging hitherto.

The following table, referring to two very important trades, is taken from the Parliamentary Report on Wages in 1906. The figures refer to men's wages only, women and juvenile labor being paid at a much lower rate:—

	Clothing Trades.	Textile Trades.
Earning above 60s. per week ...	2·3 per cent.	1·4 per cent.
" from 50s. to 60s. per week	2·3 per cent.	3·0 per cent.
" from 40s. to 50s. per week	9·3 per cent.	9·6 per cent.

These figures illustrate how small is the number of weekly wage-earners in receipt of more than £2 per week, even in two such well-organised trades. The percentage would be a good deal lower but for the fact that a few highly specialised sections of the trades are paid at a much higher rate than the rest.

A table of wages in certain important trades shows that the number of workmen earning as much as 40s. per week is small, while those earning over 45s. are so few that from an insurance point of view they are a negligible quantity. A very small fraction of the lace-workers (a special trade) earn 50s. and more. Nearly all agricultural laborers earn less than 20s. per week.

Doubtless under the Act, a greater demand will be made upon medical men, but the establishment of a State nursing service in every insurance area will simplify that work considerably, and many of the under-employed doctors of to-day will have more work to do, which will be a matter of satisfaction to them, especially as at the same time their incomes will be considerably increased.

It must not be forgotten that it will be to the interest of the employers to take care that those workers earning over £3 per week (except manual workers—a very small number) are not included in the benefits of the Act, because otherwise they, the employers, would have to pay a weekly contribution on their behalf.

A peremptory demand for certain specified terms has been made, and failing the granting of those terms, a general strike of doctors against all contract service upon less than those terms has been recommended. If, as is, of course, certain, the doctors working under the friendly societies refuse to strike, and retain their appointments, they will vastly increase their incomes and their *clientèle* at the expense of their neighbors. It is credibly reported that these medical men are devoutly hoping that suspension of medical benefit will happen, for in that case they will secure a monopoly of greatly increased value. Those doctors who are encouraging a "refusal-to-negotiate" policy are doing the medical profession great harm. Unfortunately, it can truly be said that a good many of them would not be affected by the Act, and yet they are foremost in advising a rash course which may lead to very serious consequences to their medical brethren.

(To be continued.)

## Life and Letters.

### THE WORLD OUR COUNTRY.

"If each one of us would put his own house in order all would be well with the world" is a favorite maxim of many who would shrink with horror from the charge of philosophic anarchism. Yet no other term is so applicable to the naïve belief that world-order requires no world-thought and no world-purpose, but only the separate thoughts and purposes of myriads of little self-centred beings which would somehow run together into cosmic harmony. The humility in which the doctrine cloaks itself is, in reality, a cover for moral cowardice. Stripped of its cover it is the philosophy of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The facts of life are teaching us, with overwhelming force of testimony, that we cannot set in order our house, our city, or our nation, unless we are prepared to undertake the larger task of setting the world in order. The old parochialism, the old nationalism, the later imperialism, in their essentially separatist significance, are hopelessly insufficient channels for the tidal movements of modern history. To the politician this truth comes home in a dull recognition of the intricacy and incalculable mobility of political issues, which drive him to sheer opportunism. For the nicer calculations of narrower statecraft are always likely to be upset by outside interference. The world is with us at our breakfast-table glaring in upon us from the front page of our newspaper; our office or counting-house becomes more and more a world observatory; our means of livelihood or profit, nay, the very ark of private domesticity and comfort, is continually rocked by happenings in distant lands. It was not ever thus. The ordinary business man or workman, until quite recent times, found ninety-five per cent. of the factors which concerned him close at hand, or within an easy call; now, fifty per cent. lie in a wider world of which he has but a dim apprehension and no control. A feeling of helplessness and hopelessness obsesses him, as waves of revolutionary discontent gather force with the wider area of communications, as fresh inter-governmental discords break into angry tumult, now in North Africa, now in the Near East, now in China, as he finds his income and his vital interests threatened from innumerable centres of disorder. What is the use, in such a state of things, of talking amiable phrases about putting our own house in order, when the bad drainage or the conflagration of our neighbor's house in an ever closing-in world must more and more concern us? The florid cosmopolitan rhetoric of Franklin and of Paine has become the sober prose of all of us to-day. Whether we like it or not, "our country is the world," and therefore the true patriot must set about his duty as world-citizen. Though this large polity does not supersede the narrower tasks of national politics, it must supplement, and even in large measure direct, them. At present it is the fatal blindness of our politicians that so few of them give more than an idle, perfunctory recognition to this all-important fact. Personages, great and small, are constantly calling upon England to "Wake up!" They generally mean that she is to wake up to a narrow, intensely self-centred nationalism or imperialism. But this is not waking up; it is idle dreaming. It is to a wider destiny, a larger task of direction, that the waker must set himself. He must, first of all, take a good look round him, to see the sort of world to which he has awaked.

An arresting plea for the supreme importance of this endeavor to get a clear vision of the new larger world which is henceforth the home of each of us is made in a little book, "The Great Analysis" (Methuen), to which Professor Gilbert Murray contributes a commending preface. "At present the world is like a motor-car without headlights, feeling its way by night along a road beset with snags and sloughs. 'The Great Analysis' would throw a mighty beam far into the future, enabling progress to forge ahead with a new speed, a new purpose-

fulness, and a new security from quagmires, blind-alleys, and precipices." It is for no Utopia that the writer pleads, but simply for the realisation of the world as a "business proposition" by those concerned in it. True, he conceives and interprets "business" in the larger sense in which human well-being becomes its end and aim. But there is no skimping or shirking of the hard material conditions which limit all success in attaining human welfare.

If Yorkshire were suddenly cut off from its moorings on this earth, and drifted away into space until the balance of planetary forces gave it a separate place in the cosmic order, though retaining all its climatic and other natural characters, how would its three and a half millions of very practical inhabitants behave in the new confined circumstances in which they found themselves? The necessity of organising their natural and human resources would be their absorbing purpose, before which all traditional rights of property, all hampering privileges, prejudices, sophisms, hypocrisies, and illusions would speedily give way. The instinct of self-preservation would make a clean slate of the hampering excrescences of thought or conduct, concentrating the common organising intelligence upon the fundamental problem of securing a sufficient supply of food and other physical necessities from the restricted area of natural supplies. The population question would at once loom up big and persistent in the common consciousness, demanding a settlement of the conflicting claims between quantity and quality of human life, and involving an excursion into the region of ideals, in order to discover the humanly desirable. The Yorkshiremen would have to combine in close relation the character of statistician and of idealist. He must be statistician in order to cut his cloth, idealist in order to have a pattern to cut it to.

Now this ordered economy of purpose to which the human nature of Yorkshire would conform in this imaginary case, is only a simplified example of the necessity which now confronts our world-citizens. It is no use saying we will continue to act as if we were little Englishers, or greater Britons, or even good Europeans, when we have become planetarians, drawing our food and other material resources from every corner of the earth, our life—economical, political, emotional—throbbing with impulses set moving from a thousand diverse centres of humanity. Our politicians still mostly scoff at the notion of seeking a world-order. Not so our larger business men, whose financial operations range every year more freely over the wider field, and who are engaged in constructing elaborate modes of government for the economic world-state in which they live and move. It is to these larger business minds in the various nations that we must look for the chief driving and educative impulses required to make our statesmen face their larger duty. Indeed, the very notion that there exists a world with a harmony, a unity, either possible or desirable of realisation, still remains hidden from the minds of most of those in charge of national politics. The result is that upon the political plane more energy is focussed upon definitely disruptive work than upon that of giving effect to the common interests and purposes of mankind. "It is a monstrous and intolerable thought that civilisation may at any moment be hurled half-way back to barbarism by some scheming adventurer, some superstitious madman, or simply a pompous, well-meaning busy-body."

The time is surely ripe for a co-operation of the practical intelligences in the several nations for this orderly treatment of the world as a business proposition. This, and not the inflamed brutality and sentimentalism of Bismarckism, is the true "Real-Politik"—to see the world as it is in order to try to make it as we would have it. This dream of world-order, as it flared up in the prophetic imagination of Rousseau, Kant, Goethe, Franklin, Paine, was open to the charge of sentimentalism. For large sections of the world were still a sealed book, untraversed and uncharted. The new communications, travel, and migrations, have now placed the intelligence of man in possession of the earth from Pole to Pole. "We now know, in its full extent, what the planet we live on is, and can, and must, turn our attention to



intensive knowledge and mastery of it." The newly won "geographical self-consciousness" not merely ought to be but must be followed by a corresponding gathering and emergence of political and moral self-consciousness, in order that the inhabitants of the earth may truly possess the earth.

We must, in a word, learn to think not so much nationally or imperially, as planetarily. In this essay, full of eloquent suggestion, the writer sets forth the case for this wider organisation, which, taking due stock of all the actual facts and forces of Race, Religion, climatic and geographical Advantage, Nationality, Language, War, Commercial Rivalry, shall furnish to the politicians and other actors in the world the knowledge which may enable them to establish "a reasonable equilibrium between the resources of the planet and the drafts upon them, between commodities and consumption, or, in the most general terms, between Nature and Human Life." Failing this work, he sees history as nothing but "one long series of oscillations between nascent order and devouring chaos."

It is just a century since Robert Owen began his broodings upon a new moral world, in which reason should direct economy along the line of evident utility. Much of the thought appears to us alike shallow and premature. And yet it was far from unprofitable, sowing many seeds of order in particular fields which have grown into fruits of human welfare. With the fuller development of the sciences of nature and man, and still more with the improvements of scientific method, we may now be ripe for some wider application of reason to the task of organisation.

#### ON IMAGINATIVE PROSE.

WE have heard it laid down as an axiom that "poets do not write good prose." One can hardly imagine a statement more entirely untrue. Even if by "good prose" is meant merely plain, work-a-day prose, the clear statement of fact, we would back Coleridge or Shelley against the most hard-headed "practical man" to put a thing down in black and white, to set it concisely and lucidly before the reader. Many of the most prosaic people are devoted to all sorts of pomposities and formalities, and strangely addicted to verbiage. Good prose is, no doubt, first and foremost plain prose; it is putting down the thing, putting down the fact, getting at its essence. When beautiful or awful things are thus truly and worthily reflected in words, we get what Professor Cowl, in his recently published "Anthology" (Herbert & Daniel), calls "Imaginative Prose." Prose of this kind, we may safely say, it takes a poet to write; its highest masters are great poets, though they may never have penned a line of verse in their lives.

A really great prose writer is always essentially and, in the great majority of cases, technically a poet. No difficulty is, of course, presented to a master of language by the artifices of rhyme and metre. "Imaginative prose" is poetry of a more perfectly spontaneous kind. The first thing we look for in "imaginative" writing, whether prose or verse, is spontaneousness. Poetry must have grown; not been made. It must have sprung up unbidden in the poet's mind. "A finder" is a better name for a poet than a "maker"—the Old French "*trouvère*," the Provençal "*troubadour*," than the Scottish "*makar*," the German "*Dichter*." A poet does not artfully and skilfully "make" something, he "finds" a harmony eternally existing, to which in some subtle way he gains an access closed to the mass of men. Amid all possible combinations of words there must, to say the least, exist many more harmonies of an absolute freedom of cadence and rhythm than there are conforming to metrical laws. The poet is, moreover, more likely to "find" the former than the latter. Who can doubt that majestic fragments of language would float into the mind of Dante, brooding on his great theme, which afterwards would be weakened and, indeed, destroyed by being turned into *terza rima* for the purposes of his

poem? One is, of course, not denying that a really great poet sometimes, perhaps often, thinks in poetry in the strictest sense, that the lovely thing—thought, metre, rhyme together—springs perfect from his brain at once, but we question whether, even for him, the more natural form of expression is not what Professor Cowl calls "imaginative prose."

The secret of the great masters of style is, no doubt, that they write of things which they love, which fill and possess their minds, which they think of upon their beds and remember when they are waking. As one writes these last words, one thinks of the Psalms, in the incomparable beauty and majesty of the Prayer Book Version. What "poem" of rhyme and metre, still less of blank verse, can come near this:—

"Whither shall I go then from Thy Spirit, and whither shall I go from Thy presence? If I climb up into heaven Thou art there; if I go down to hell Thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say Peradventure the darkness shall cover me, then shall my night be turned into day. Yea, the darkness is no darkness with Thee, but the night is as clear as the day, the darkness and light to Thee are both alike."—(Ps. cxxxix., 6-12)?

Here is no effort, but a spontaneous perfection of language; no turmoil, but a calm. A summer ocean lies outspread before us; fawn-colored, limpid, wonderful.

Or, again—

"They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. For at His word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivereth them out of their distress. For He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they are at rest, so He bringeth them into the haven where they would be."—(Ps. cvii., 23-30.)

But, indeed, one does not know where to stop quoting. The 107th Psalm ("O give thanks unto the Lord"), and the 126th ("When the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion"), and the 84th ("O, how amiable are Thy tabernacles"), and the 90th ("Lord, Thou hast been our refuge"), are but two or three of the first which occur to the mind, in which an absolute perfection of rhythm has been attained.

Great poetic prose of this quality appears to be drawn from the poet's mind by some object or idea which moves him profoundly. It is spontaneous, unbidden, it comes unsought, surely, as the Easter joy comes to Breton sailors, exiled in high latitudes of the North. They remind one another that it is Easter, and even as they speak, Alleluia, the light-winged, joyous bird has flown to them in the far Polar Seas. "While I was musing the fire kindled," the Psalmist himself says.

Man himself, his greatness and his littleness, the transitory character of his passage through this world, is, of course, the chief of the spectacles with power to evoke an intense emotion spontaneously clothing itself in a perfectly rhythmical form. It is the ever-repeated burden of the Psalms: "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars that Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man that Thou visitest him?" (Ps. viii. 3-4), or "Man is like a thing of nought, his time passeth away like a shadow" (Ps. cxliv. 4), or the piercing complaint, "O consider how short my time is; why hast Thou made all men for nought?" The whole passage in the English Burial Office, "Man that is born of a woman" is a magnificent piece of imaginative prose.

Such thoughts—that "We are of such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep," that "all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death," that "the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, and, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a wrack behind,"—profoundly moved Shakespeare. They called forth from him his greatest poetry. But the prose passage in "Hamlet," "O what a piece of work is a man," is worthy to rank with the greatest poetry he ever wrote.



Talking of these themes there is a passage of Lord Morley's, in one of his essays on the French Revolution, which appears to us, in its sombre magnificence, to deserve a place in any collection of imaginative English writing. We quote from memory, but we think this is not far wrong:—

"The Queen, and the courtiers, and the hard-faring woman of Mars-le-Tour have long been dust and shadow; they have fled back into the impenetrable void from whence they came; they are as though they were not; they are like the fireflies which the peasant of the Italian poet saw dancing in the vineyard as he took his evening rest on the hillside; but our minds are free, and unless social equity be a chimera, Marie Antoinette was the protagonist of the most barbarous and execrable of causes."

In the concluding words, poetry passes into rhetoric, but the whole sentence is admirable.

We turn Professor Cowl's pages, and find many well-known things. One is especially glad to see the running prose commentary, printed with the "Ancient Mariner," included. "The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather till it reached the Line." This is what we call good English; we should like to sit down by the fire on a winter night with a great tome of it, not just a page or two. We are back once more with Sir John Mandeville and Sir Thomas Malory in a better day.

The present writer was here again reminded of his boyish, almost childish, love for Mr. Ruskin. There are no cadences like his. Carlyle wants simplicity, though excelling in color, and in the power to move the mind to pity and terror. But simplicity is the mark of nearly all English prose that is of a rare and exquisite distinction. To our own mind, "Evan Harrington" is the best of Meredith's novels, because his earlier style was not so artificial as it afterwards became. Walter Pater's English is beautifully lucid, but his subject matter is too remote from real human interests for it to have the true glow and shiver of great imaginative prose. We miss here anything of Stevenson's. The author of "A Child's Garden of Verses" was so true a poet (in the technical sense) that he could not but have been a superb writer of prose. We remember coming across an article in a magazine signed "R. L. S." when we did not know what the initials stood for, and recognising a great master of English. Charles Lamb is another of our many charming humanists. Let us end with a sentence from "Christ's Hospital": "How in my dreams would my native town (far in the West) come back, with its church and trees and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!" In its poignant simplicity this is perfect.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL FLOWER.

THE International Flower Show, to give it a more homely title than its official one, is always an event of great interest and importance. This year it has come for a second time to England, and our efforts after fifty years to retrieve former lethargy, and make the show worthy of its name, have been crowned with striking success. Its setting in the gardens of Ranelagh and Chelsea Hospital, in this flowery and luxuriant month of May, is extraordinarily beautiful. The outdoor rock gardens, orchardettes with bearing trees, Dutch gardens, with their archaic topiary, and even the banks of massed flowers melt into the perennial scenery of this beautiful bit of London landscape in a very charming manner, so that the visitor is in doubt as to how much is "exhibit" and where the frame begins. There are acres of rock garden, with every conceivable variety of winding walk in age-old stone paving (put there in the course of five or six days), of pool, and dingle, and mountain, of river meandering to please the needs of a great number of bridges, of island for Japanese pagoda, of terrace for pergola, and other apparently geological revolution. The

mountain ranges *might* be more convincing if they had clear skylines. It is an effect, however, very seldom aimed at in gardens. The trees under which they have been reared must stand for green clouds. They at any rate perform the function of clouds in preserving the freshness of the primulas, spiræas, aubretias, saxifrageas, gentians, and other beauties assembled from the ends of the earth to make a cosmopolitan holiday.

There is very little now, except in degree; between a flower show that is avowedly international and one that is not. The flower has become a complete cosmopolitan. The world has been ransacked from every centre of civilisation, and the triumph of the gardener and of the flower is that the daughters of almost every clime can be assembled permanently in almost any spot. We can paint our gardens with every really beautiful hue that the artist can imagine, by calling upon the flowers that have specialised in each subtle gamut of color, unique to each species, not only in hue but in texture, stipple, and lighting. The Royal Horticultural Exhibition helps the explorer of the world's beauties, whether in foreign lands or in the illimitable realms of hybridisation and selection, to show every year new possibilities of color and beauty. An International recurrence merely enlarges the canvas, and multiplies the available methods of expression.

The orchids at the present show are said to be worth half-a-million pounds, and Sir George Holford's mountain of golden *Orcidium Marshalliana* has not been and may never again be equalled. Not only the outdoor gardens, but the tents, are measured by the acre, the space covered by one of them alone being more than three acres. Here the scent of azaleas hangs in the air, though it is but a mere half-acre that has been apparently planted with all its choicest varieties. Thickets of lilac toss their ambrosial locks; clematis is there in a school to show you the very largest and bluest, reddest or whitest stars that it has yet been taught to bear; a great bank of specialisers in foliage like caladium, anthurium, and coleus, with pitcher plants and other monstrosities, leads the way to a mass of ferns, whence the fern lover can pick out actually new things by the hour together; an orchard of ripe nectarines appeals to the gourmet or him who is getting hungry from a prolonged feast of loveliness. All this and much more under the span of one tent, wherein rises from a smother of cinerarias the grey granite memento of the Peninsular heroes, here before the tent rose, and here when its incense to Flora shall have been dispersed.

The very next tent has the aroma of—onions! The dainty, æsthetic and poetical French nation has provided this. The practical Englishman for the most part has devoted himself to show us flowers so overgrown as to be aborted, so over-elaborated as to lose their real function as blossoms, roses so wrought upon for the eye as to have no scent: the sentimental Frenchman gives us the apotheosis of the vegetable. In truth, this tent of the Frenchman is one of the most interesting wings of the exhibition. Flowers are there, a great bank of really hardy perennials and annuals, true garden flowers that all Englishmen love and most English gardeners are a little ashamed of. Jacob's-ladder, Blue-eyed Mary, alkanet, larkspur (not if you please, Delphinium), snapdragon, Black-eyed Susan, love-lies-a-bleeding, these are the floral compliments the Frenchman pays to internationalism. Then to the vegetables. They are exhibited by the incorporated maraichers of Paris, both "fruits and flowers," as the notice tells us, and those who wish for further information are asked to write "your's address This," a hand signifying the locality of "this." The vegetable, it seems, is not so cosmopolitan as the flower. The International Show can do more for it, and thus perhaps more for civilisation. On the one hand, you can scarcely look without a shudder at the French version of asparagus, bloated sticks thicker than rhubarb, white to the very tip, more like potatoes than the tender viridescence that we like best. On the other hand, the French "poireau" is far more genteel, and we doubt not, a more delectable dish than our leek. And what is this "radis noir," like a black beetroot with radish leaves? We should like to experiment on such a

root, and really must write "our's address This" for its sake alone. Such endive as this from Paris we have not seen at an English show, neither have we seen fennel grown into such nodes. Corn salad is a thing of England's past that needs reviving, and the French "persil," not being in the least like our parsley, must be the old-fashioned "smallage."

Leaving the "navets," flat, red, and "marteau," the épinards and céleri, the ciboule and ciboulette, and the many things labelled by the greatest gardeners in the world "hâtive," we seek, walking through acres of Japanese gardens, the other foreign sections. Japanese gardens by the score, but not one really Japanese, with its Stone of Surprise, its Bridge of Meditation, its mathematically proportioned river and waterfall, and its model of Fuji Yama. In exact contrast to the cruelly repressed pine or maple, a hundred years old and only a foot in height, are the trees of Woburn experiment, showing how to promote growth. Apples, pears, and plums, as well as timber trees, have been grown on grass and on tilled land, with the result that the latter have in every case about four times the size and vigor of the former. We must lose our sweet, grass-floored orchard, it seems, in order to grow really good fruit. Before we reach Canada, we are beguiled by the educational tent, wherein the Board of Agriculture teaches practical things, and Messrs. Veitch have a wonderful collection of cross-grafting. We still wish to see Virgil's graft of apple on sycamore, but we can find here oak upon Spanish chestnut, box upon privet, and hawthorn on many things. With a murmur of "*Cui bono?*" we shake off the last distraction and reach Canada. Everyone knows the advertising ability of the Dominion Office. Here a statue of Our Lady of the Snows, with tall and steady pines behind her, gives, in spite of the crowd, almost the awed wonder of pioneer solitude. Beneath her are maples, unhappily variegated, and among them baskets of highly commercial apples. It needs not the other trophies of fruit in bottles behind us to dispel the momentary exaltation that the one strong note of the picture gave.

The Japanese tent has but one note that is really Japanese, beyond the crowd of dwarf trees that it contains—namely, the tall green bamboos that are its tent poles. Are there experts who know all the points of a gnarled and aged miniature pine, with some new European connoisseurship, quite apart from the almost religious love of the old Japanese? These works of art upon nature are undoubtedly a popular feature of the show, though it is the one that is most likely to have been overdone this time. The rock garden, too, has covered so much ground as to reveal its limitations. Alpine flowers are legion, but the legion seems to have been overworked to find variety in such acres of mountain. The wonderful Italian pinks and yellows and soft reds of the cistus, or helianthemum as gardeners call it, are met with at many turns; saxifrage seems to be doing the duty of all other carpeters as well as its own, and when the primulas, gentians, and others have done their best, it is a relief to find a sturdy company of English bugle or scarcely un-English campion, with Welsh poppy or other loved home wildling adding the most successful touch of beauty. The truth is that, quickly as a real Alpine garden can be covered with green and colored cushions, we cannot stage more than its skeleton at a week's notice. The real apotheosis of the flower is in the tent, where amazing beauties reign, frankly potted or even cut. The sheaves of sweet peas before their velvet background, the carnations freshly undone from their tissue-paper wrappings, and rarer beauties selected from the green-house as being most perfectly ready at the last moment, are objects of pure beauty worship. The Dutch have triumphed with a show of tulips, out of season, of course, but perfect as if they had chosen their own time. The fuchsia pergola should set the old flower bounding into estimation again; cordon fruit and standard gooseberries and currants have yet to revolutionise many a garden, and there are many other lessons that we shall be able thoughtfully to absorb when the massed glory of the tents has faded from the mind.

## NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

### IV.—THE GROVES OF ACADEME.

ENGLISH people, like the birds, become vocal in May. Of a child one was brought to London for the "May Meetings," and, on the way to the Tower by 'bus, saw the Strand crowded with solemn figures inquiring into each other's bodily and spiritual health. Exeter Hall itself is now converted—converted into an hotel; the "bird parliaments"—if one may continue the comparison—now congregate in Caxton Hall, Essex Hall, and other places; but the multitude of voices seems no less copious than before, and still they enliven the May with their sweet jargoning. The Halls resound, and equally resounding are the great city's groves and lawns. From Hampstead Heath to Clapham Common, from Wormwood Scrubbs to Hackney Marshes, the woodlands ring. I suppose there is hardly a human thought, emotion, or interest that does not here find its utterance. To those shadowy haunts, birds of all feathers flock, but they do not necessarily agree in their little nests.

In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, and in London people take full advantage of their opportunities to be wise. Stand at any point upon the permitted spaces, begin flinging out your message to empty air, and, suddenly, an audience, invisible before, will gather round, like gulls when you cast bread upon the water. If the weather is fine, I have known only one man who has never collected more than a single listener. Sunday after Sunday, he stands on a mound near a public-house, shouting the Bible straight through without selection and without comment—not a bad thing to do, one would have thought. But no one ever listens, except myself. Round all the rest, listeners are sure to hover, though shyly at first, and with a detached and scornful air, until the crowd is large. Partly, it is the joy of oratory that draws them round: they like seeing a thing well done, just as they stand to watch navvies breaking up a street or laying new asphalt. Partly, they feel the spectator's joy in a contest, like the pleasure of watching a football match or a bull-fight. But there are other motives, too.

Outside the park gates, the Camden Union Branch band was discoursing "Nancy Lee" to a generation that knew her not, but took her for something out of an oratorio, because it was Sunday. Inside, the working man lay stretched full-length, as his habit is, while children gambolled on the green. Earth, sky, and trees were doing their best to restore the age of gold, and to obliterate from man's mind his long hopes and unanswered questionings, in that brief interval of bodily content and rest from toil. The landscape was set for idyllic peace; but on a gravel space in the midst of trees and grass, five or six crowds of people were already gathered, jostling each other, jammed together, pushing and struggling for good places, sweating in their eagerness to hear, to applaud, to dispute, to take some part at least in spiritual things and political interests that had no concern with the body's comfort. Here they swarmed round a tailor on strike; there round a barefooted giant incoherently advocating the abolition of tailoring as a whole. Here round a Socialist, denouncing the capitalist and the anarchist as equal foes to a well-regulated society; there, round an anarchist denouncing the capitalist and the Socialist as much of a muchness in upholding the tyranny of State. Here a Suffragette was appealing for freedom with a devotion and disinterestedness that would ruin any political career; there a male "Anti" gloated over Mr. Walter Long's epoch-making discovery that men and women are not the same.

But, in the midst of them all stood a group whose outbursts of song drew the loiterers from the outskirts of the other crowds. Five or six men and five or six women were gathered around the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, which they had planted in the gravel. Clad in uniforms of navy blue, the men wearing helmets as though just starting for the Equator, they raised their war-song. "Tramp, tramp, tramp," they chorused in parts, the women wandering in shriller altitudes, the men booming a persistent bass of "Tramp, tramp, tramp," till at last they came together again in



crashing unison, shouting the line, "In the front of the battle you will find me." Round each decent hat and peaceful helm were emblazoned the words, "Pillars of Fire." "We are the Saviour's chosen few," they sang, and they counted only ten or eleven. "I have the victory! Praise God!" they cried aloud, like troops that see the enemy run. "Oh, glory, glory, glory!" they sang again:—

"Oh, glory, glory, glory!  
Oh, glory to the Lamb!  
Hallelujah! I am saved!  
And oh, how glad I am!"

Rather spiritual than literary, they repeated those simple assurances till a state approaching transport was reached, much as I have seen Central Africans rise into transport under the throbbing of a hollow tree beaten by a rubber knob. Thereupon they leapt in the air and danced for joy, or with linked hands circled about the united flags in mazy reel. Leaping and shouting like the leper that was cured, they testified their satisfaction. All went at double-quick time, singing, dancing, speaking. "We believe in a lively salvation," they said. One by one they stood between the flags and poured out their joy in their salvation.

Some of their sayings were pointed with the sharpness of America. "O generation of snakes!"—I do not know why the "snakes" are a little more effective than the familiar "vipers." Some form of ritual or disbelief became "a greased board to slide sinners into hell," and of baptism we were told that "a man may go in a dry sinner and only come out a wet sinner." But doctrine was not their strength, and at their meeting even the argumentative Briton attempted no discussion. Ecstasy was their strength, and the British public, being unaccustomed to ecstasy, regarded them sullenly or with indulgent smiles, reassuring themselves now and then with the remark, "They don't do it for money." In the Bible, whose texts are taken at all these religious meetings as final in authority, they could find many examples of worthies who danced before the Lord. In modern philosophy, Nietzsche—not an exuberantly happy person himself—urged his disciples to dance to the height of ecstasy. So, till lately, I am told, the "Pillars of Fire" danced through the park and far down the glade of Camden Town. But the Home Office has no fellow-feeling with ecstasy; the police do not like such goings-on; and now the Pillars flicker in a restricted space.

Full in front of all who pass the marble entrance of another great park, stands the large red banner of Humanitarian Deism. In white letters it announces the approaching conversion of "all Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, Atheists, and other misbelievers and sinners" to the one true faith of the Humanitarian Deists, who are "the only wise lovers of mankind, considerate masters of animals, and grateful disciples of the only true God, the infinite Governor of Nature." On another banner are inscribed "the Twelve Commandments of Perfection," containing precepts that most people try to follow already, though without success. The Humanitarian Deist does not confine his efforts to Sunday. One may discover him there almost any day of the week. Indeed, he wants all the time he can get, for he has a large task before him.

And every day, but especially on Sundays, he is much impeded by the Christians, Atheists, misbelievers, and sinners who stand thick around him, all proclaiming very similar truths to his. Here shouts an Ethiopian with a yellow tie, expounding a legal definition of Christianity on which one could stand firm as on a statute. Here the Church Army proclaims victory over death; the West London Christian Evidence Society confirms the Bible; an enthusiast in semi-clerical costume denounces the Jesuits; a strange old figure, with fury in his mien, threatens the Bishop of London alike for his unapostolic income and his concessions to an evolution that traces man's descent to frogs, fish, and periwinkles such as you draw out with a pin; and here a shrewd woman informs the crowd she is out to abolish all Gods and other superstitions, in the interest of the workers. A little further away one hears the Suffragette, the champion of

Ulster, the Temperance man, and the enemy of ecclesiastical endowments. And still the Humanitarian Deist does not despair of converting all mankind.

Round almost every speaker subordinate clusters or groups are formed, like planets thrown off from a central sun, and in the midst of each group two men argue with the heat of desperate conviction. It is not strange they argue, for their chosen subjects have supplied the argument of nearly two thousand years. The disputants are involved in lasting perplexities: Why should a good and all-powerful God allow the suffering that all the audience knows? Does the promise that Christ would draw all flesh unto Him imply that all will be saved? Was the Crucifixion an atonement for the world or only for Adam's sin? Can the converted Christian fall from grace? Are the Elect saved in spite of themselves, no matter what they do? What was the Word that was in the beginning? Such questions are argued with astonishing knowledge, not indeed of the Bible, but of Biblical texts. Each isolated quotation enters the field as a new force, and the man who can marshal the greatest number of texts upon his side claims the victory, though his opponent will always die rather than surrender. You may hear two men after the day's labor argue till the summer night is black, over the difference between a coincidence and an accident, and neither yield an inch in his interpretation of determinism, predestination, and God. More unusual was a discussion last Sunday upon the difference between Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning, that waxed so hot it was thought advisable to separate the disputants.

That beloved East End park where no rich man ever comes, but all may enter the kingdom of heaven as easily as camels pass through the city gate, has also its grove of Academe where the dialectic of wisdom may be practised. Here, also, a County Council, sedulous of progress, provides a shaded gravel space, with bandstand on one side, tea-room on another, and an architectural monument on the third. And here, also, passing from group to group, you may listen to the Suffragette of freedom, the Liberal of land reform, the supporter of the Church in Wales (how unexpected there!), the Socialist, the anti-Socialist, the Finalist (a new political force of uncertain number, but confident of victory), the Victoria Park Christian Evidence Association, confirming the Bible, and a Jew who undertakes to abolish all religion in twelve months, if only he can induce people to think clearly and recognise that the idea of God arises from a belief in ghosts, and ghosts from dreams, and dreams from undigested suppers. But just now the interest gathers round the Latter-Day Saints, who have here pitched their moving pulpit, boldly to proclaim the dispensation of the fulness of time. They long to discontinue of Priesthood and the Apostolic Succession of Joseph Smith, but the swarming crowd will hear nothing of the Golden Book, nor even of the Bible now. What the crowd wants to hear is the statistics of wives in Utah. In vain the Latter-Day Saint calls God to witness that polygamy is no part of his teaching, and reads monogamous precepts from his book. It avails him nothing. Everyone knows a Mormon has five, ten, fifteen, twenty wives. Or why stop there? asks the indignant East End, always careful of the sanctities of home.

Presently, up comes a blue banner, inscribed as belonging to the Protestant Alliance of Preachers. Within five yards of the Latter-Day Saint it is raised, and under it a bull of a man begins to bellow his horror of Mormon sin. Facing each other, at little more than spitting distance, the saint and the moralist yell denunciation and defiance. They are tried opponents, each worthy of the foeman's voice, but the saint is the milder man, and outraged morality thickens in force around his enemy. Between them suddenly rises the Finalist, mildly expounding the one future hope of social amelioration. But over his peaceful head the battle rages on, regardless of his hope; and so it continues unabated till five o'clock strikes from the tea-room, and in the bandstand the Victoria Park Sunday Band, dressed in decent uniform, with epaulettes of chain armor to avert the sabre slashes of the enemy, gives out the opening notes of Schubert's "Rosamunde," and when the quick part



comes, all the world begins to leap and dance with ecstasy. For in the East End we dance to anything, such is our capacity for joy.

It all looks like an illumination by dark lanterns rather than a new lamp. It is not particularly well done. The crowds are like those sheep that had no shepherd. Sometimes one wishes that over our groves of Academe were inscribed the warning, "Let no one enter who is not a geometer." It is not particularly well done, but the eternal marvel is that it should be done at all. Nearly every one among these preachers, teachers, debaters, and disputants, works hard all day and all the week to buy food, warmth, and clothing. Nearly everyone among the crowding audiences does the same. Yet in the heart of all broods an incredible desire—a longing for knowledge and for spiritual truth—that drives them out night after night, or Sunday after Sunday, to hear and teach, to discover what wisdom they can, or, having caught a glimpse of some aspect of wisdom themselves, to summon all around them to share in that joyful sight. What zeal for light, what enraptured self-denial and disregard of comfort and the commonplace! "So many hundred sects, and only one sauce," sneered cultivated scorn, probably remembering a nauseous paste called "melted butter." It was true of England then, and it is generally true of us to-day. But the people who haunt our groves of Academe have not a sauce at all.

H. W. N.

## Communications.

### LIBERALISM IN THE VILLAGE.

#### II.—THE LABORER'S HOME.

MANY of us who have crossed the threshold of those ivy-clad cottages which straggle along the village green, know that the comfort of the within is by no means as is the charm of the without. We know that many of these village homes are damp and overcrowded; that they are grossly insanitary, and are not fitted for the rearing of a strong and healthy race.

Flagrant as are the physical evils which result from these bad housing conditions in our villages, the effect upon morals is not less evil. Physical discomfort alone may be long endured; but when to this is added the mental fears of uncertainty and oppression, their combined influence too soon becomes apparent.

This spirit of terrorism which pervades the village is hateful to Liberalism. It is an all-pervading spirit; but one which, as I shall show, is being gradually dispelled by Liberal legislation.

Let me first explain, from my personal knowledge, how this spirit works; how it makes weary the lives of those oppressed.

The effect of a great dearth of cottages in the village is to force the would-be purchaser to come and pray the vendor for the accommodation he has to sell; to accept any terms which may be offered. Thus it is that landlordism becomes the ruling influence of a village. No empty cottages are to be found, and so the laborer has no alternative but to accept his over-lord's terms.

I know a woman who complained to her landlord that she was paying more for her cottage than her neighbors in the row. The landlord, being in all things a just man, was troubled that any tenant of his should have cause for grievance; so straightway he raised the rents of all the other cottages in the row equal to that of the woman who had complained. Her grievance had been removed.

I recall the case of a landlord of one of the better-class cottages in a village who wrote to his tenant, informing him that in future his rent would be raised £2 a year. Asked as to the cause of the rise, the landlord replied that he was now getting additional rent for the cottage next door, and, therefore, intended to raise this one also. "Of course, if you don't like it you can go elsewhere," he added. But he knew, as well as the tenant, that there was no "elsewhere" to go.

Some few years ago at a Housing Inquiry, a woman was questioned as to whether it was not true that she had refused to admit into her cottage two gentlemen who were

well-known to her. She replied that such was the case, and added: "The landlord had just come round, and said I should have to go out if I did, and there was nowhere else to go."

At this same inquiry a prominent County Councillor remarked that: "The chief impression on my mind was the one great difficulty of getting information because the people were afraid of telling us anything. In one or two cases they refused to admit us into the cottages at all, and we had very little difficulty in seeing that there was a very great dearth of cottages."

It is impossible to be independent, to have opinions of your own—in fact, to be a man—when you know that the slightest complaint, the least suggestion of repairs, will mean a rise in rent—a rent which even now most tenants find it difficult to pay; when you know that there is no alternative but to pay or go; that there is no empty cottage you can have for miles around whilst a dozen applicants or more are waiting for the cottage you may be forced to quit.

The Liberal Government has passed the Housing and Town Planning Act to try and remedy these evils.

Whether this Act is sufficient for its purpose, I need not now discuss; enough to say that in 1912 we can give some little relief where in 1906 nothing could be done.

The little village from where I write has been very jubilant these last few days; for the first sod has just been cut on the site of seven cottages which are about to be erected under the Act.

These cottages will ease the congestion that now exists; they will improve the sanitary condition of the village. But more than this—the first blow has been struck at the influence of landlordism. Once there is sufficient accommodation in the village, cottages will not always be at famine prices. The landlord will be unable arbitrarily to raise his rents.

The inhabitants of these new cottages will not be under a private individual, but tenants of the District Council. So long as they pay their rent, they will remain in their homes; not subject, as before, to the pleasure of their landlords.

Moral strength is as essential to a nation as physical endurance. Both of these essentials we shall obtain if a strong Liberal Housing Act be universally applied.

That the peasantry of a country should be healthy, free to come and go, independent in their thoughts and words, is one of the underlying beliefs of all true Liberals. To this end the laborer's home must be sound, his rent must be an economic one, his cottage must be his castle.

HUGH ARONSON.

## Letters to the Editor.

### MISS MALECKA AND OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to put in a plea for a little more consistency in the conduct of your journal? Week by week the columns throb with thinly-veiled appeals to the Government to go to war to give effect to your views with reference to some cause or other. To-day it is Miss Malecka; last week, and for many weeks before, Persia; at other times Italy, Finland, the Balkan Principalities, &c. Week by week, as one takes up the paper, the question comes to the lips: "Where will the new war be this week?" This is almost as regularly interleaved with denunciations of the Government for expending so much on naval and military development. Surely both can't be right. If the Government are weekly to initiate a lightning campaign to keep in order the various nations of the earth, you might at least allow them the ships, the guns, and the men.

Miss Malecka may be the ill-used individual you imply. Apparently, she had not the good sense when she went into a foreign country to find out what the laws of the land were and to obey them.

We do not throw up our caps for joy when the Russian anarchists do us the honor of coming to our country and promulgating their views and shooting down peaceful citizens.

Why are we lightly to embark on all these enterprises to redress the supposed wrongs of the peoples of the earth? We all recognise Don Quixote was a fool, but we are, out of hand, to enter on wilder escapades. It is apparently quite right and wise to go to war with Russia and a few other nations at the same time, but it was sin and wickedness to repel Kruger when he invaded British territory.

How inconsistent it seems for the organ of the Left Wing of the Liberal Party to be perpetually working on these lines, and at the same time preaching the wisdom of a better understanding with Germany! How much faith is Germany likely to have in our preaching when she sees the journal of the Party of Peace persistently indulging in provocative appeals to the Government to make attacks on friendly nations on all sides, and openly commending Lord Palmerston for his bullying expedition fifty years ago against one of the weakest nations of the earth?

Can there be any left amongst us who believe it to be the function of Great Britain to carry out, single-handed, the rôle of policeman amongst the nations?

If that line is to be followed we shall not have much money available for social reform.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT STYRING.

Brinkcliffe Tower, Sheffield,  
May 20th, 1912.

[The "new war" of which Mr. Styring speaks is the "old war against oppression," and its weapons are not carnal, but spiritual. As for the inconsistency, it is not ours, but Mr. Styring's. He sets no bounds to the mere accumulation of physical force, while he shrinks from any kind of moral intervention in foreign affairs. We ask not for attacks on friendly nations, but for the assertion of such an elementary national right as the protection of a reputable British citizen abroad. Is that too heavy a claim on British policy? It is obviously consistent with moderate armaments, which is the modest extent of our claim. Quite as clearly, it requires a moderate degree of firmness and self-respect in our Foreign Minister.—ED., NATION.]

#### "THE SINS OF THE FATHERS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the reign of Henry VIII. a certain John Scudamore had, in Lord Hugh Cecil's words, "thoroughly unsound opinions about the sanctity of Church property," and became possessed of the lands once belonging to the Cistercians of Abbeystead. About a century later, his descendant (by this time, thanks to the Cistercian lands, Lord Scudamore) fell under the influence of Archbishop Laud, and became a good High Churchman. The High Churchmen of Caroline days were, perhaps, over-conscientious; anyhow, the Church lands weighed heavily on the soul of Lord Scudamore. He, therefore, consulted his friend and spiritual director, the Archbishop, as to what he ought to do in the matter. Laud's decision was that he might conscientiously retain the lands his ancestor had "sacrilegiously" acquired, if he restored the ruined abbey church and handsomely endowed a new parish out of the secularised property. Lord Scudamore did this so lavishly that even to-day Abbeystead is one of the best "livings" in the Diocese of Hereford; and the church, solemnly rededicated by the Archbishop in person, is one of the show places of the county. Should the disendowment proposals of the Government become law, an opportunity will be offered to present-day possessors of Church lands, who dread the thought of "sacrilege," to free their consciences in like manner.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR T. BANNISTER.

The Close, Hereford.  
May 21st, 1912.

#### DISCIPLINE AND THE REASONABLE CHILD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We are indebted to your correspondent, "Educationalist," for a very interesting summary of the conclusions of the Conference on the diet of school boys and school girls held some ten days ago. I hope he will not think me ungrateful if I attack one of his own conclusions. He asserts that there was one fact, "pregnant with hope for the future," which was clearly established by the Congress, and that fact

was "the growing trust in the child's power of reason, the increasing belief among all teachers that a spontaneous action committed in response to the child's own intelligence is better than the wisest act of blind obedience; that the former is a foundation-stone of knowledge, that the latter is a destroyer of all powers of individual reasoning."

This is a very beautiful sentiment; so fashionable, also, among modern educationalists, that to attack it is to lay oneself open to the charge of being a stupid reactionary. For your correspondent is only echoing the doctrine which seems to pervade all up-to-date theorising about the training of the young, with its continual harping upon the transcendent value of "spontaneity" and "self-expression," and letting children do exactly as they please, and with its implied, if not explicit, condemnation of the good, solid discipline to which most of us were subject in our youth. Now I dare not attack this new doctrine. I hardly even dare to make excuses for our sturdy educators of a generation ago, who called us "greedy little pigs" when we indulged in spontaneous self-expression in the tuck-shop, and built up the whole system of their education upon the basis of "Obey first, and think afterwards." But I do dare suggest one question. Many of us are much troubled with the problem of numerous boys and girls in poor districts who, at the age of sixteen or so, seem as incapable of "reasoning individually" as of "obeying blindly." But these very boys and girls are, in nearly all cases, the ones who have been brought up on the principle that "a spontaneous action committed in response to the child's own intelligence is better than the wisest act of blind obedience"—a principle in which their very inefficient parents seem to have a pathetic faith; while most of the boys and girls whose thoughts are of some use and whose actions are praiseworthy, have been brought up on the exactly opposite principle—namely, that obedience is a foundation-stone, not only of knowledge, but of many other good things, and that the "spontaneous action" business is a destroyer of the power to do anything well at all.—Yours, &c.,

E. J. URWICK.

Pyrford, May 21st.

#### INSURANCE AND TEMPERANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I find that an important consideration is much overlooked by writers and speakers upon the National Insurance Act—namely, its probable effect upon the consumption of drink. Some information bearing upon this point is given in the April number of the "Reichsarbeitsblatt," which contains a review of the relations between the insurance against sickness, disability, and accidents, and the temperance movement in Germany.

Official cognisance of this relation became necessary when it was found that the duration and frequency of sickness was much higher in the occupations where drinking habits are strongly established—such as brewing and the building trades—than for others, and that in these the disease rates from tuberculosis and the zymotic diseases were more especially excessive.

Many of the local insurance organisations, recognising the significance of this coincidence, have for long taken an active interest in the temperance movement. But this tendency was strengthened and widened by a circular letter addressed to all the local organisations by the Imperial Insurance Commission, in which strong action was recommended for the "education of insured persons, especially of juvenile and female workers, regarding the dangers to health from an excessive use of alcohol." This circular also contained recommendations concerning the treatment of inebriates in inebriate homes. As a result, the National Federation of Local Insurance Organisations passed a resolution in support of the measures advocated by the Government, a resolution upon which many of the affiliated societies have since acted. While some of the rural districts have been lagging behind in this effort, the most industrial provinces—notably Westphalia and Rhenish Prussia—have been foremost in carrying out the recommendations received. In addition to direct educational work and grants to temperance associations, they began to support inebriate homes, and interested themselves in constructive temperance reform.

Although considerable doubt existed at first whether



the treatment of inebriates would pay the societies, the success actually achieved by some of the homes has resulted in an increase of the number of persons sent for treatment from 57 in 1905 to 677 (670 men and 7 women) in 1910.

In order to strengthen the hands of the local organisations in this matter, a new regulation was issued by the Government, making it permissible to substitute services rendered, including treatment in inebriate homes, for the payment of sickness benefit. This regulation replaces a previous one, which was exceedingly unpopular, to the effect that the local organisations were entitled to refuse the payment of benefit in cases where sickness or accidents were due to intemperance. The new regulation further relieves the local organisations of the obligation to continue the payment of money-benefit to persons convicted of spending it upon drink.—Yours, &c.,

B. LASKER.

York, May 18th, 1912.

## CONDITIONS OF DISENDOWMENT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Commenting upon the "hint" of the Prime Minister that when the Bill got into Committee the Government would aim at a "just and generous" settlement in favor of the Church, and at disposing of the residue in harmony with the "best interests of Wales," you say: "We imagine that the date dividing the endowments will be pushed back to the Reformation, and that there will also be a compromise on glebe lands, &c." What does all this mean? Are the proposals of the Bill, as they at present stand, not "just and generous"? Welsh Nonconformists, and all who are in favor of the necessary justice to Wales, consider that they are just, and even more than generous. It passes the comprehension to find a journal like *THE NATION*, and, say, a daily newspaper of the calibre of the "Manchester Guardian," taking up this position and writing in such a strain. After all, are we going to witness that vacillating policy of 1905 over education, and a similar policy in 1908, when the Prime Minister extended the fourteen years' time limit to twenty-one years—in the Licensing Bill? Let us have no repetition of that experience in 1912, now that the Lords' Veto is a thing of the past. Why attempt to conciliate the irreconcilables? Mr. F. E. Smith has told us blandly, that his party would reject with contempt 19s. 11d. in the pound, and no doubt that would be their attitude if the Government added another three farthings!

It is now admitted by the Government and the Liberal Party that the question is essentially and purely a Welsh national one; therefore, why not settle it once and for all in accordance with the wish and desire of the Welsh nation, and ignore the interference of that self-constituted Conciliation Committee got together by Sir Henry Lunn. How many Welshmen are there on that precious Committee? When raising the query, I am not without respect for the individual members of that Committee; some of whom I am acquainted with.

What are the Welsh members who are either in the Cabinet or in the Government going to do in the present momentous juncture? Men like Mr. Lloyd George, Messrs. Herbert Lewis, Ellis Griffith, and William Jones—are they quietly to acquiesce in the suggested amended terms to the Establishment? Some one will ask: What about Mr. McKenna? Well, his position is somewhat different. The former are Welshmen and Welsh Nonconformists, and it was the Welsh national movement for religious equality that made it possible for them to enter Parliament—and as you put it this week: "Which is the more characteristic product of Welsh nationality—Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Ormsby-Gore?"—and you could have added that the former is the product of Welsh Nonconformity, and Welsh nationality is the sequel.

The speeches of Mr. Balfour and Mr. George Harwood are, of necessity, most interesting, but are more suitable for a literary and philosophic society than for the arena of practical politics. Further, one cannot help feeling that Mr. Asquith is somewhat given to extravagance about the "comprehensiveness" of the Establishment; but it is not quite clear that he meant his eulogy to apply in particular

to the Establishment in Wales. Mr. Balfour evidently, by his speech on Tuesday, spoke from the "brief" prepared for him by the Bishop of St. Asaph when he referred to parishes without Nonconformist ministers. The two Welsh militant bishops have been industrious, and have scored well in England with their half-truths! In their panic they said: "Let us go into England and appeal to the predominant partner to protect us against the majority of our own countrymen—and let us do it by hook and by crook." What an unenviable position!

The Lord Bishop of St. Asaph has not yet been as good as his public promise last November, to supply the public Press with a specific list of the (apocryphal) eighty parishes in his diocese without a "resident Nonconformist," and it is not now likely that he ever will, and that for obvious reasons! Are we to think that a Liberal Government is anxious to conciliate him and his satellite of St. David's?—Yours, &c.,

HUGH EDWARDS.

Liverpool, May 20th, 1912.

## TURKISH ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You have already commented on the ways of the Young Turks in the recent elections in Turkey; but I hope that you will find room for a further sample of the fashion in which they falsified the real opinion of the electors.

A Salonica correspondent, writing in a Greek newspaper which I have just received, tells us that at Corytza and Calonia, in order to prevent the election of Greeks, every Turkish elector was made to vote several times. In two other places which are named (Voskop and Hochista) things were even worse. There we read that "The Mussulmans have voted openly five times each, under the protection of the Committee," who were specially placed where they could watch the ballot-boxes. By these manoeuvres, in the four places named, where the Greeks were in a large majority, ten Greek candidates were deprived of all chance of election.—Yours, &c.,

K.

London, May 17th, 1912.

## A PROBLEM OF EDUCATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I was very interested to see in the letter from "Educationalist," printed in your last issue, a more or less straightforward plea for physiological teaching in English schools.

As a young man just having left a young men's college of London University, I can say from experience that the results (as they appear in young men of college age) of leaving knowledge on sexual matters to haphazard discovery are almost incredibly bad to those who have not witnessed them.

There is a poverty of outlook and absence of healthy understanding on the part of many, and often an entirely irrational and vicious conception, leading to conversation that I cannot here describe.

I cannot imagine that the attitude of mind towards these things of many of the best-educated young men of to-day is generally realised. If it were, I am sure that few parents would still dare to leave their children the task of acquiring a true and pure knowledge of the facts (much less a conception of duty) from an ill-assorted set of half-truths collated almost certainly in the worst quarters.

On these grounds, may I be allowed to add my voice to the other more noted ones referred to by "Educationalist" in his letter, in the effort to move opinion in this direction.

My plea is for deliberate teaching, whatever the method employed, and the age at which it is given. Any sincere attempt will be better than the present *laissez-faire*. For until the profane attitude towards sex of far too many of the young men turned out of our best schools to-day is altered, we can hope for little improvement in the annual enslavement and destruction of young women in our streets.—Yours, &c.,

B.Sc.

Hampstead, May 21st, 1912.

## LABOR POLICY IN AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

"At a mass meeting held yesterday, the men employed at the State coal mine at Wonthaggi rejected the proposals made by the general manager. This means that the men are now on strike. A long struggle is predicted."—"Argus," Melbourne.

SIR,—Australians have shown in a practical manner their sympathy with the sufferers in the recent coal strike. Though far from the actual scene of the grim struggle, our interest in it has been keen and our hopes for a speedy and satisfactory settlement profoundly sincere. As an interested observer, what strikes me as strange, almost pathetic, is the sublime faith evinced by Messrs. Shaw, Hobson, MacDonald, and other Socialists, in the efficacy of "an ultimate nationalisation of the mines." As with the railways, this appears, despite its outstanding difficulties, to be the one final and all-satisfying goal towards which their teaching and influence are directed. The questions, therefore, arise: Is the suggested remedy a satisfactory one? Does practical contemporary experience of the nationalisation of industries justify this overwhelming faith? Sorrowfully, but candidly, I must state my belief that both questions must be answered in the negative. In support of this view, I would commend to the earnest attention of your readers and contributors the extensive experience of Australia and New Zealand. Were such a thing possible, I would urge an exhaustive and, as far as humanly possible, impartial examination of our experiments and their practical results. Not alone from the standpoint of finance, but from that of the condition of the workers employed, the efficiency and cost of the services rendered and the effects on the politics, enterprise, self-reliance, and character of the people.

With unfeigned regret we are all beginning to realise that much of our legislative experimentation has been a failure, or near to it. The boasted Arbitration Courts, that were to ensure certain industrial peace, have failed to do so. Strikes have been constant and numerous during the past few years. Of course, there is always a pathetic hope that some amendment, some slight improvement, will give the desired result. But it never does. The workers are losing faith, and the Syndicalists are gaining a more and more sympathetic ear. Only this year we have had, in Queensland, an attempted General Strike. The cause was a mere triviality, which had already been referred to an Arbitration Court, but the workers had been urged to "unite and break the capitalists' yoke." The proceedings were a dismal failure, but that need not now concern us. Had our strikes been confined to industries privately owned, the difference would have been suggestive. But they have not. We have had railway strikes, strikes on municipally-owned tramways, and a threatened strike of telegraphists in Adelaide. Even as I write, the employees of an experimental coal mine in Victoria have struck and cleared out. The mine, which has proved a very expensive experiment, has been closed down. Where, then, is the security? We have Arbitration Courts, Wages Boards, legislation *ad libitum*, but we can't prevent the strikes.

The matter is becoming one of growing seriousness and perplexity. A legislative enactment is made, a Court or Board constituted, and the workers appeal. If they get their demands—well and good. If not, they strike, and the law is helpless. For how can thousands of men be imprisoned, or even fined, if they won't pay, and the community dare not buy their property at a forced sale? But when they are successful in obtaining an increase, prices are proportionately advanced. Then other sections cry out about the increased cost of living, and demand equivalent increases. Give the lowest unskilled worker a rise of a shilling a day, and the skilled and responsible sections naturally become dissatisfied at their non-participation. But what is constantly and persistently lost sight of or ignored is that this process can only apply to a very limited proportion of the real workers of the community. Were it possible for all to obtain increases at each other's expense they would be no better off. The increasing costs and prices would more than cancel the benefits. Obviously, there are sections of workers outside the pale of trades-unionism who have to pay the increased prices, but get no corresponding benefits. What are they to do? Take, for example, our farmers—surely they are "workers." They are hampered

with a heavy protective tariff, high artificially raised prices, high freights, and magnificent distances from markets. All the increased cost due to high wages, tariff, and freights is passed on to them—they must pay all. But when it comes to selling, they have to get out into the world's markets and face national competition. What must be the inevitable outcome? Simply that our hopes of successful land settlement and the development of our scantily-populated island-continent are going to be hopelessly retarded if the process continues. Other nations are attracting, and will secure, the immigrants we so badly need. Further, the constant evils of overcrowded cities and chronic unemployment will be intensified.

In short, the whole procedure is unjust and must inevitably fail. All sections cannot obtain increases, but some do at the expense of others. As the "others" in this case are the fundamentally important ones, from a national and economic point of view, the process is suicidal. But it is asked: "How does this apply to nationalisation?" The question can be answered by asking another: "What is the difference between the privately-owned and the nationalised industry when brought up against the law of supply and demand?" Our "publicly-owned" railways (of which the British moneylender is the *real* owner) have been the *locus* of several industrial troubles this year. Increases to the extent of over £100,000 per annum have been forced. But what does this mean? Merely that vitally necessary expenditure in other directions must be curtailed proportionately. Lines are starving for rolling-stock, the gauge (3 ft. 6 in.) is inadequate, extensions are required in a hundred directions, and there is a constant and justifiable demand for lower freights in the interests of struggling settlers. They must perforce wait. If the demands are not granted to the employees, strikes and dislocations ensue. If they are, working costs are steadily increased, facilities must be denied and freights must rise. Interest on borrowed money must be found, depreciation allowed for, and high salaries paid, if efficient management is to be secured. Where, then, is the wondrous benefit of public ownership? Where is its assumed vast superiority over the privately run concern? Are not both subject to the same unevadable laws?

There is no security against strikes; this has been conclusively proved. With the failure of our labor legislation actually to increase wages—a fact admitted by Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald—and the spread of Syndicalism, the case will become worse. And be it always remembered that the community—more especially the hard-working settlers and struggling business men in the country—are suffering and will suffer most severely of all. They cannot "pass it on."

Candidly, sir, it appears to me that the advocacy of wholesale nationalisation as a cure for the troubles of labor is a grave and serious blunder. To this conclusion am I forced after many years of study and observation. The well-meaning and sympathetic people who accept and promulgate the gospel have simply not made a sufficiently radical analysis of the cause of the trouble, and have, mainly on assumption and hearsay, accepted a wholly inadequate remedy. But I would urge that a complete and independent examination be made, though I feel confident the result would considerably unsettle the convictions of Mr. Hobson and his fellow-thinkers who advocate the wholesale extension of State functions. I pass over the enormous indebtedness that public ownership involves, the red tape and bureaucratic woodenness that is inseparable from it (this appears to be awakening even Mr. Wells), the demoralising effects of an enormous public service whose votes can throw out a non-compliant Government, and the paralysing and sterilising effects on the character, self-reliance, enterprise, and inventiveness of the people. But all these are matters of enormous import which any conscientious sociological investigators must take into consideration.

Permit me, therefore, to urge, even from this distance, that your contributors get down to facts instead of inadequately considering the causes and enthusiastically putting forward theories which are already being strongly challenged if not absolutely demolished. No one more earnestly wishes well to England and her workers than I, but I fear the way to reform is far from being as easy as is currently represented. Your greatest philosopher said: "Mankind has eventually gone right after trying all possible ways of going wrong." Might it not be well critically to examine,



and, in the interests of the poor, with whom we sympathise, and the nation which we love, to avoid wasting useful energy on expensive experiments—foredoomed by their nature to failure!—Yours, &c.,

Perth, Western Australia.

April 20th, 1912.

### THE FLOGGING OF VAGRANTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I venture to point out that just now there is an increase in the use of the flogging as a punishment for men convicted under the old Vagrancy Act of 1824? A few days ago Sir W. Byles, M.P., raised the subject in the House of Commons by inquiring of the Home Secretary whether, having regard to the statement made by him on December 14th last, that "during the last three years only seven persons of those convicted under the Vagrancy Act had been ordered to be whipped," he has observed that since that date, and within the last four months, at least six sentences of flogging have been passed under the Act, some of which were for trivial offences; and whether any of them have been remitted by him, and, in view of the increase of such sentences, he proposes to take any steps to check this increase. Mr. McKenna replied that the figures mentioned by Sir W. Byles appeared to show that "Magistrates are more disposed to use this sentence than formerly," and that several cases had recently come under his consideration. In one case he remitted the sentence on medical grounds, and in two cases he remitted the sentence because it seemed to him inappropriate for the offence.

In December, Mr. McKenna cited the small number of seven sentences in three years as an indication that the wide powers given to Magistrates at Quarter Sessions were not being abused by them. Now we have six sentences within four months, at which rate the next three years will give us over fifty such sentences. His recent remark that Magistrates "are more disposed to use this sentence than formerly" is serious, when we remember that the Vagrancy Act has been condemned on all sides as out of date. Later yet, news comes to hand of Mr. Lawrie having passed two more such sentences at the London Sessions, making a total of eight (half of them ordered by Mr. Lawrie) within the present year, as compared with seven during the previous three years. When we find a pronounced advocate of the lash like Mr. J. Lloyd Wharton, who introduced a Bill in the Parliament of 1900, having for its main purpose the extension of flogging for certain well-defined crimes, proposing to repeal the flogging clauses dealing with the particular cases of vagrancy, in which he was supported by Lord Cross, Chairman of the Association of Quarter Sessions, and a past Home Secretary, the prolongation of such enormous magisterial powers in a progressive age may well be regarded as a judicial scandal.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT HENDERSON.

18, Vernon Gardens, Harrowgate Hill, Darlington.  
May 22nd, 1912.

### Poetry.

#### THE OLD MAN.

THE boat put in at dead of night:  
And when I reached the house 'twas sleeping dark.  
I knew my gentlest tap would be a spark  
To set my home alight:  
My mother, ever listening in her sleep  
For my returning step, would leap  
Awake with welcome; and my father's eyes  
Would twinkle merrily to greet me;  
And my young sister would run down to meet me  
With sleepy, sweet surprise.

And yet, awhile, I lingered  
Upon the threshold, listening;  
And watched the cold stars glistening;  
And seemed to hear the deep,

Calm breathing of the house asleep—  
In easy sleep so deep, I almost feared to break it.  
And, even as I fingered  
The knocker, loathe to wake it,  
Like some uncanny inkling  
Of news from elsewhere,  
I felt a cold breath in my hair,  
As though, with chin upon my shoulder,  
One waited, hard upon my heel,  
With pricking eyes of steel,  
Though well I knew that not a soul was there.

Until, at last, grown bolder,  
I rapped; and in a twinkling,  
The house was all afire  
With welcome in the night.  
First, in my mother's room, a light;  
And then, her foot upon the stair;  
A bolt shot back; a candle's flare;  
A happy cry; and, to her breast,  
She hugged her heart's desire;  
And hushed her fears to rest.

Then, shivering in the keen night air,  
My sleepy sister, laughing, came;  
And drew us in; and stirred to flame  
The smouldering kitchen fire; and set  
The kettle on the kindling red.  
And, as I watched the homely blaze,  
And thought of wandering days  
With sharp regret,  
I missed my father. Then I heard  
How he was still abed,  
And had been ailing for a day or so:  
But, now was waking, if I'd go . . .  
My foot already on the stair  
In answer to my mother's word  
I turned; and saw in dull amaze  
Behind her, as she stood all unaware,  
An old man sitting in my father's chair.

A strange old man . . . yet, as I looked at him,  
Before my eyes a dim  
Remembrance seemed to swim  
Of some old man, who'd lurked about the boat  
While we were still at sea;  
And who had crouched beside me at the oar,  
As we had rowed ashore;  
Though, at the time, I'd taken little note,  
I felt I'd seen that strange old man before;  
But, how he'd come to follow me,  
Unknown . . .  
And to be sitting there . . .  
Then I recalled the cold breath in my hair,  
When I had stood, alone,  
Before the bolted door.

And now, my mother, wondering sore  
To see me stare and stare  
So strangely, at an empty chair,  
Turned, too; and saw the old man there.

And, as she turned, he slowly raised  
His drooping head;  
And looked upon her with her husband's eyes.  
She stood, a moment, dazed;  
And watched him slowly rise,  
As though to come to her:  
Then, with a cry, she sped  
Upstairs, ere I could stir.

Still dazed, I let her go, alone:  
I heard her footstep overhead;  
I heard her drop beside the bed,  
With low, forsaken moan.

Yet, I could only stare and stare  
Upon my father's empty chair.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley." Edited by Richard Edgcumbe. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Henrik Ibsen: A Critical Study." By R. Ellis Roberts. (Secker, 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "John Pym." By C. E. Wade. (Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "A Tragedy in Stone and Other Papers." By Lord Redesdale. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Rambles in the Pyrenees and the Adjacent Districts." By F. Hamilton Jackson. (Murray. 21s. net.)  
 "Problems of the Pacific." By Frank Fox. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Secret of the Pacific." By C. Reginald Enock. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "My Irish Year." By Pádraic Colum. (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Omens and Superstitions of Southern India." By Edgar Thurston. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "Christianity and Business." By Edward Grubb. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Adventures of Miss Gregory." By Perceval Gibbon. (Dent. 6s.)  
 "La Fin des Parlements (1788-1790)." Par Henri Carré. (Paris: Hachette. 7fr. 50.)  
 "Iéna et la Campagne de 1806." Par Henry Houssaye. (Paris: Perrin. 7fr. 50.)  
 "Essais et Portraits." Par Jacques E. Blanche. (Paris: Dorbon. 7fr. 50.)  
 "Lettres à François Maman." Par Marcel Prévost. (Paris: Fayard. 3fr. 50.)  
 "Un Obstacle." Roman. Par Jean de la Brète. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)  
 "Der Roman des Herrn Franziskus Höndl." Von Eduard Kehlmann. (Berlin: Fischer. 3m. 50)

MR. and Mrs. Sidney Webb are writing a book on some observed phases of life in the East. It will deal with some sociological and economic conditions of the countries they have visited, and will include a chapter on India.

WE believe that Mr. Barrie has written a very delightful and original topsy-turvy version of "The Taming of the Shrew," which he has called "Shakspeare for Women."

Now that he is dead, there is a prospect that August Strindberg will become known to English readers. A translation of his "Confession of a Fool," which, as we said last week, is one of his greatest novels, is to be published shortly after Whitsuntide by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, while Messrs. Duckworth have in the press a volume of his plays, including "The Dream Play," "The Link," and "The Dance of Death." The latter volume has been translated by Mr. Edwin Bjorkman, and it will contain a biographical introduction and a full bibliography of Strindberg's works.

AN interesting literary find has been made by Professor Stewart Mins, of Yale University. This is the manuscript journal kept by Moreau de Saint Méry while he was a refugee in the United States after the rising of the Revolutionary Commune in Paris on the 10th of August, 1792. The journal bears the title "Diary of a Voyage to the New World," and it deals with the period when Moreau de Saint Méry kept a bookseller's shop at Philadelphia and acted as a forwarding agent for some of the shipping lines there. It will be published probably during the coming autumn.

UNDER the title of "The Poets of Ireland," Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue is about to issue, through Messrs. Hodges & Figgis, of Dublin, a biographical and bibliographical dictionary of the Irish poetical writers in the English language, including the Irish writers of America, Canada, and Australia. Mr. O'Donoghue is a leading authority on Anglo-Irish literature, and his coming volume is based on a work with the same title which he published some twenty years ago.

SOME useful contributions to English history are included among the prize essays of the American Historical Association, and historical students would do well to keep an eye on these publications, which are issued in this country by Messrs. Frowde. Last year the Adams prize was won by Miss L. T. Brown, whose book on "The Political Activities of the Baptists and Fifth Monarchy Men in England during the Interregnum," is announced for the early autumn. It has chapters on the "saints" as rulers, on their prison treatment and methods of agitation, and deals rather fully with the state of Ireland under the Protectorate.

"THE BOOK KING" is the title given to an American millionaire, Mr. James Carleton Young, by the French weekly journal, "L'Opinion." Mr. Young's claim to this title is the unique plan on which he has set about collecting his library. He aims at including in it a copy, with the author's autograph, of every contemporary book that is likely to win immortality. Mr. Young's efforts to get autographs have sometimes led to amusing incidents. One author expressed his willingness to dedicate a work to Mr. Young for a sum of £2,000, while another replied that he only gave autograph copies of his books to his best friends. Mr. Young was lucky enough to buy an autographed volume by the latter writer in a second-hand book-shop, and at once wrote to say so, adding that he would take greater care of it than had one of the author's best friends. A few days later he received a complete set of his books, all with autograph inscriptions.

THE third volume of Professor Edward Channing's "History of the United States" will shortly be issued by Messrs. Macmillan. It treats of the revolutionary epoch from the year 1760 to the election of Washington as President, special attention being given to the world-wide character of the contest after 1776, and to the failure of this country to affect the economic will of the American people.

THERE are signs that the teaching and study of English are at last taking their proper place in our educational system, and "The Journal of English Studies," the first number of which was published last week by Messrs. Horace Marshall, should help to promote the movement in this direction. Although Germany has several journals that occupy themselves with advanced English scholarship, and at least one magazine on similar lines exists in the United States, the new journal is the first attempt to supply a medium for the discussion of theory and the record of practice in teaching English. The promoters are of opinion that the teaching of English should be closely associated with literary history and criticism, and each issue of their journal will contain some articles of a literary rather than of a pedagogic character. These are represented in the first number by an essay on "Bacon as Writer," by Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., and a literary *causerie* by Mr. Thomas Seccombe.

WHAT will be to many readers a fresh and engaging by-path of literature has been opened by Mr. Ian D. Colvin in "The Cape of Adventure," published recently by Messrs. Jack. The sub-title of the volume, "Being Strange and Notable Discoveries, Perils, Shipwrecks, Battles upon Sea and Land, with Pleasant and Interesting Observations upon the Country and Natives of the Cape of Good Hope," explains its scope. It consists of extracts from the early travellers, beginning with John de Barros and the Portuguese, and ending with Sir William Cornwallis Harris, whose "Portraits of the Game Animals of Southern Africa" was published in 1840. These extracts have the real stuff of adventure in them, the accounts of shipwrecks being, as Mr. Colvin observes, among the finest ever written. The English travellers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Herbert, Terry, Paterson, Barrow, Percival, and Semple—were a picturesque and entertaining company, while the accounts of some of the missionaries are also capital reading. Mr. Colvin's plan is a happy one, and many readers will thank him for bringing before their notice these out-of-the-way books in which so much of the flavor of adventure is to be found.



## Reviews.

ROBERTSON SMITH.

"The Life of William Robertson Smith." By JOHN SUTHERLAND BLACK and GEORGE CHRYSTAL. (Black. 15s. net.)

"Lectures and Essays." By WILLIAM ROBERTSON SMITH. (Black. 10s. net.)

THIS life of Robertson Smith has been long due and will be eagerly welcomed. It is, perhaps, as well that its appearance should have been delayed until it is possible to view it in a true perspective and apart from the passion of controversy that it roused. The writers have done their work supremely well. They have avoided the prolixity which spoils most modern biography, and, though their task is obviously a labor of love, they have not allowed themselves to be betrayed into partisanship, and they have kept altogether clear of recriminations. It is a difficult and intricate story that they have to tell, but they tell it smoothly and soberly, without rhetoric or empty eulogy. Their pious care and restrained enthusiasm hold the reader from the first page to the last, and have enabled them to produce a worthy memorial of a most remarkable man.

Robertson Smith was a son of the manse in the fullest sense of the term. His father, Dr. Pirrie Smith, was one of the Disruption men and among the earliest Free Church ministers in Scotland. He was both saint and scholar, and in the tiny manse at Keig he trained his large family himself to such good purpose that his eldest son entered Aberdeen University at the head of the bursary list, while the younger brother, George, "left Aberdeen with every honor the University could heap upon him." But success was won at a great cost. The children were very delicate and hardly capable of the strain they were called on to endure. While Smith was still at the University his sister Mary died, he himself was seriously ill, and he lost his brother George within a month of taking his degree. About the story of these early years there is a note of tragedy, but also something of heroism. We find in it the plain living and high thinking, the true religion and sound learning which made the Scotland of that time a nursery of great men.

After Aberdeen, Smith entered New College, Edinburgh, to prepare for the Free Church ministry. Here, again, he carried all before him. Among his teachers were A. B. Davidson and Rainy, and in visits to Germany he came under the influence of Ritschl, Lagarde, and Wellhausen. His interests, even at this early stage, were encyclopædic. Mathematics and the natural sciences came as easily to him as classics, philosophy, and divinity, and, in any one of them, he could have taken the first rank. But it was upon Semitic studies that he gradually concentrated himself, with the result that, at the early age of twenty-four, he was appointed Hebrew Professor in the Free Church College at Aberdeen. His father noted at the time: "It is marvellous how much satisfaction Willie's election has given to the whole Church."

This satisfaction was but short-lived. All the world knows how, at an early stage in his career as Professor, Smith was impeached for unorthodoxy in consequence of his article on the Bible in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." To-day this would seem a very innocent production indeed. It simply contains what have become commonplaces of Biblical criticism, views on the authorship and composition of the books of the Old Testament which are now universally held among scholars. Then, however, they were novel, premature, and, above all, German. The hostility and alarm they excited among the more ignorant and conservative Free Churchmen was intense, and was aggravated rather than allayed by the cogent and skilful way in which Smith stated and defended his case. He had ample opportunity of doing this, for the trial dragged wearily along from 1877 to 1881. His biographers give a clear and full account of all its various stages. This should be read alongside of the story as told by Dr. Carnegie Simpson in his life of Principal Rainy. Though Messrs. Black and Chrystal take a somewhat different view of the part played by Dr. Rainy from that of his biographer, they are strictly fair to him. They are, however, undoubtedly right in their conclusion,

that Principal Rainy, with all his diplomacy, did far less for securing a measure of toleration within the Church, than did the man who suffered for his opinions, but maintained them triumphantly against all comers.

We cannot here follow out the tedious and melancholy story of the trial. It is well worth reading, however, as revealing to us the hole of the pit whence we have been digged. Smith defended himself with magnificent courage and consummate skill. He won point after point against his adversaries, and he would probably have won altogether had he not persisted in going his own way and publishing other articles which, from the point of view of "the enemy," were worse than the one on which the charges were originally based. He had good backers in Drs. Davidson, Bruce, Dods, and Whyte, and he had the sympathy of almost every Biblical scholar in Europe. In the end he was first censured and then deprived of his professorship. But the victory was really his. He paved the way for that larger freedom of thought regarding the Bible which is now the common possession of all the Churches, and has done so much to enable them to retain the Bible as their rule of faith and life. The issue was clearly set out in one of the debates of 1880 by Dr., now Principal, Whyte, in the following memorable and prophetic words:—

"You cannot arrest the movement of mind in Christendom of which these inculcated writings are an outcome. Had this movement of the theological mind been confined to Professor Smith and a handful of German or Germanised scholars like himself, you might have ignored it or arrested its progress in your Church. But the movement is not of them: they are rather of it. They are its children, and they cannot but be its servants. Fathers and brethren, the world of mind does not stand still: and the theological mind will stand still at its peril. No man who knows, or cares to know, anything of my personal sympathies and intellectual and religious leanings, will accuse me of disloyalty to the Calvinistic, Puritan, and Presbyterian polity, or neglect of the noble body of literature we inherit from our fathers. But I find no disparity, no difficulty in carrying much of the best of our past with me in going out to meet and hail the new theological methods. Of all bodies of men on the earth, the Church of Christ should be the most Catholic-minded, the most hopeful, the most courageous, the most generous, sure that every movement of the human mind is ordered and overruled for her ultimate establishment, extension, and enriching."

Smith's deprivation did not in any way hinder his work as a scholar. For some time he continued to preach, but gradually abandoned the service of the Church for that of the University. Immediately on the conclusion of the trial he accepted an important post on the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and afterwards became editor-in-chief. Before this work was finished, he was elected Reader in Arabic at Cambridge, and later on Professor. His home was henceforth in Cambridge, first at Trinity, and afterwards, on his election to a fellowship, at Christ's. In 1886, on the death of Henry Bradshaw, he was made University Librarian, and in that office he found congenial employment till his premature death in 1894. Wellhausen had written of him as "zum Bibliothekar prädestinirt," and the judgment was entirely correct. His wide and minute knowledge, and the vast range of his interests well fitted him for the post in which he did excellent service. It may be doubted, however, whether the cause of Semitic scholarship did not lose much by his devotion to this kind of more administrative work. His Encyclopædia articles and the two books, "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," and "The Prophets of Israel," all indicate his masterly grasp of Old Testament ideas and problems; while "The Religion of the Semites" and "Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia" form an original and lasting contribution to the science of comparative religion. In his later period Smith threw himself with enthusiasm into the study of Arabic, which he mastered with extraordinary rapidity and, no doubt, intended to make his life-work. As illustrating the growth of his mind and the progress of his studies, the volume of essays published along with the biography is exceedingly timely and very interesting.

Life at Cambridge was full of fascination for a man like Robertson Smith. He entered into it with zest and soon became a commanding figure in the University. We have in the biography many interesting details of friendships and travels which help us to complete the picture of the man. He was an eager, restless, impetuous soul—a scholar to his finger tips, but a prophet as well. He had a passion for

truth, and, in his early days at least, the power to clothe his message in burning words. Wellhausen wrote of one of his speeches in his defence, "Sie scheinen inspirirt gewesen zu sein." Under his long persecution (and the term is not without justification) he bore himself like a hero, with unflinching faith and unshaken optimism. He could both give and take hard hitting, and, when he was defeated, he neither sulked nor reviled. That he should have been lost to the Christian Church is now recognised to have been both a misfortune and a blunder, but it may be that his sacrifice has saved the Church from ever making such a blunder again. His intellectual and religious attitude is well summed up by his biographers as follows:—

"It was said of him that he refused to sacrifice either his faith or his reason: and this contradiction will disconcert only those who do not perceive that it is the ultimate contradiction inherent in human life. . . . Whatever may have been the peculiarities of his intellectual attitude towards the problems of theology, he realised on the practical side a high ideal of the Christian character, if Ritschl was right when he held that Christian perfection consists in simple faith in a wise and loving Providence, and is manifested in a diligent pursuit of one's calling in humility, thankfulness, and patience."

### THE FIRST ENGLISH PLAYHOUSE.

"The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies." By W. J. LAWRENCE. (A. H. Bullen, Shakespeare Head Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

A FEW years ago there appeared an article on Elizabethan acting, which contained such expressions as "tableau," "ineffective exit," "good business," and other similar terms, suggesting that its writer was not gifted with an historical imagination. Nor is Mr. Lawrence altogether free from the same criticism. After describing the Spartan simplicity of the Elizabethan playhouse, he continues: "Under such conditions, drama could not be wholly, or even largely, an art of emotional illusion." But where is the contemporary evidence to support this view? Again, later on, we read: "In the pre-Restoration days, the presence of these intruders" (spectators seated on the stage) "militated against the procuring of sustained scenic illusion by means of material accessories." But the scenic illusion, in those days, was pictured within the brain of the playgoer by the aid of the dramatist's poetry. At least, this seemed to be Shakespeare's opinion:—

"For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass."

There is no stronger evidence of Shakespeare's knowledge of the advantages, and, at the same time, of the limitations of his stage, than the fact that quotations from his plays are rarely given in order to illustrate the form and structure of his playhouse. The poet, believing that his audience could respond as readily to the influence of words as to mechanical devices, put into his dialogue all that was needed of scenic magic to arouse emotions and illusions. Upon a stage that projected into the arena, having an upper balcony, two doors, and a traverse, Shakespeare's plays moved easily; while, with ears alert, and eyes trained to ignore artificial conventions, playgoers were able to transport their thoughts into an environment more real than life itself. Yet Mr. Lawrence gives Shakespeare no credit for being able to visualise a scene in the minds of his audience, and writes about "unlocated scenes, which puzzle the modern editor, and, by a parity of reasoning, must have befogged the mind of the average Elizabethan playgoer, if unelucidated by inscriptions." To support this argument, Mr. Lawrence points out two scenes in Shakespeare's comedy, "All's Well," where, "in both cases, sceneboards are positively demanded." This is a daring statement to make in face of Shakespeare's contention that the localities must be imagined. And equally doubtful is the following conjecture, "Does it not look as if Jonson for once sought to remedy the persistent vagueness of the scene?" Surely the responsibility for "vagueness" was with the dramatist, even if Ben Jonson did not care to admit it. Nor must it be forgotten that the version of "Every Man Out of His Humor," to which Mr. Lawrence alludes, was

not the one acted by the "Globe" players, because they found Jonson's version unactable, and themselves altered it. Jonson lacked altogether the constructive faculty Shakespeare had for writing plays which needed rapid changes of locality. This form of dramatic art he did not understand, and refused to acknowledge. In Ben Jonson's comedy, *Mitis* says: ". . . How comes it, then, that in some one play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdoms passed over with such admirable dexterity?" to which Cordatus replies, "O, that but shows how well the authors can travel in their vocation, and outrun the apprehension of their auditory." These lines can be read either as satire, or as flattery, spoken from the stage at a time when Jonson could not well afford to quarrel either with Shakespeare or with the "Globe" players. But the "admirable dexterity," to which Jonson refers, was a true statement, at least as regards Shakespeare. Dramatists, actors, and audience, all were conscious of Shakespeare's skill in this kind of play-writing, and Jonson was not above libelling the dulness of the auditory, if he could the more conscientiously disguise his own shortcomings.

We are sorry that Mr. Lawrence, in his first published volume, should be too often tempted to generalise. Speaking of the Georgian stage (1812), and of the first attempt made to replace the old-fashioned proscenium arch with a modern gilt picture-frame, he writes:—

"Grumbings, both loud and deep, were heard among the players over their various deprivations, and finally, Old Dowton, pluckier than the rest, broke into open rebellion. 'Don't tell me of frames and pictures!' he exclaimed with choler, 'if I can't be heard by the audience in the frame, I'll walk out of it.' And out of it he came. The absurdity, of course, was in preserving a useless apron before the frame."

But the actors were right, and their intuitions told them so. The removal of the apron would not have helped matters in the least. The introduction of the gilt picture-frame was a disastrous blow to the art of acting. It was like banishing the actor into the street, and compelling him to hold a conversation with his audience through an open window. Let Mr. Lawrence try the experiment of talking to a friend through his study door-way, and afterwards of continuing the discussion with him inside the room, and he will realise how much actors and audience have lost by the setting up of the gilt picture-frame. It must be remembered also that Elizabethans were not spectators at a play in a sense that can be attributed to a modern audience. Being in the same room with the actors, they were participants with them of what was said and done in that room. The player who came on to the open platform from the "tyring-house" and said, "My lord, the coach waits," was as real a person, to the audience, as is the butler who to-day makes the same announcement to a roomful of guests in his mistress's drawing-room. The relationship between the speaker and the listener was one so intimate that the illusion was as perfect an image in the mind as the reality itself. No one who heard the words spoken for a moment doubted but that the coach was there, and to this was due the realism of the Elizabethan stage.

The following passages have been selected for quotation because they refer to a matter of importance:—

1. "In the latter half of the eighteenth century, when curiosity began to be aroused as to the prime characteristic of the Elizabethan stage, someone, who permitted himself to be deceived by the fallacious evidence of the Quartos, put on foot an untenable theory of wholesale continuous performance in Shakespeare's day. Malone doubtless thought he had given this its quietus, but more than a century after it had been decently interred, its bones have been resurrected by the alternationists with the vain hope of bolstering up their equally untenable theory. The chances are that in claiming too much the alternationists have proved too little." (Page 78.)

2. ". . . in a note to the epilogue, Marston writes: 'After all, let me entreat my Reader not to take me for the fashion of the Entrances and Musique of this tragedy, for know it is printed only as it was presented by youths, and after the fashion of the private stage.' . . . Marston's protest reveals the existence of a serious divergence in certain matters of routine between the public and the private theatres." (Page 79.)

3. "Allied with the fact that the evidence of the old Quartos is not conclusive, outer testimony as to musical interpersions in the public theatre is wholly lacking." (Page 81.)

4. ". . . the idea of continuous performance as a principle cannot be entertained. It would have involved too serious a mental strain, and called for powers of concentration given to



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few. Moreover, the possibility is precluded by the evidence for inter-act music and other division-markings. In 'The Platt of the *Dead Man's Fortune*,' otherwise a prompter's guide made for the 'Rose' c. 1593, the act-divisions are indicated by marginal 'musique' cues placed opposite rows of crosses. In other platts of the same period, made for the same theatre, where music is not indicated, either the chorus comes on in the interval or a dumb show is presented." (Page 84.)

Now, it is impossible to avoid inferring from these quotations that Mr. Lawrence can produce no evidence to sustain the bold assertions he makes on page 75. At the same time it is necessary to make some comments on the quotations individually.

1. With regard to the supporters of Dr. Cecil Brodmeier's "alternation theory," it is difficult to understand why they wish to uphold, as indispensable to this theory, the existence of a traverse between the two front pillars, because what is essential for a play which alternates its scenes on the Elizabethan stage is two doors; nothing more. Nor do the opponents of the theory deny the evidence that, when the plays needed them, traverses were occasionally hung across some corner of the stage, reaching no higher than the floor of the first gallery.

2. The inference to be drawn from Marston's protest is that, if plays were printed in quarto, with act divisions, from prompters' copies used in the private theatres, they might also be printed in quarto, without act divisions, from prompters' copies used in the public theatres.

4. The first part of the fourth quotation is valueless as evidence, and the second part contains an error. There are only three platts in existence in connection with the "Rose" playhouse. The one made c. 1593 is not evidence of weight, because the crosses and the word "Musique" may have been added some years later than the date of the first performance, and probably were so added. The 1594 platt is that of a play by George Peele, "sometime student in Oxford," and writer of Court masques; it directs that a presenter and dumb-show precede each act. The one dated 1597 shows the entrance of the prologue, who returns at the end of the play as the epilogue; but there is no intervening chorus, and nothing to show that the play was not acted without a break. In fact, no decision is possible, as to act divisions in Shakespeare's plays, until more evidence is forthcoming. The internal evidence, of which Mr. Lawrence takes no account, favors the supposition that there were no regular act divisions. Then, it may be asked, were the quarto plays written to be acted at the public theatres without act divisions, in which, at some later period, the actors themselves made act divisions? And are the divisions in the First Folio those of the actors, or are they those of the editors?

But enough of fault-finding. The book, it may be confidently stated, is indispensable to all students of the theatre, and more especially to all those interested in Shakespeare's theatre, for it is the outcome of ten years' patient research, and is the first book of its kind to contain, under one cover, practical and scientific information about the staging of plays, from the inn-yard period to that of the gilt picture-frame. Towards the making of such a book there needs the drudgery of turning over the theatrical rubbish-heap of past centuries, and reading page after page of worthless plays which serve no useful purpose, except to determine the position of a door or a curtain.

The perusal of this book stir thoughts which haunt the brain like a nightmare. Here is shown the utter failure of the drama of intellect and imagination to thrive on the stage of the world's amusements. It is as if the dragon of pantomime swallowed all plays written by a Shakespeare, a Molière, or a Schiller. Where, then, was the law which secures survival for the fittest? Every stage of every country has had its moments of great drama, but never a continuance of them. The work of the great dramatists is banished to the study as soon as it comes into existence, or becomes a Court toy at the State theatre. Show! Show! Show! Everywhere and always. In the market-place, the angel with its cross and the demon with its bladder. At the palace the eternal masque and ballet, and nothing but "inexpressible dumb-shows and noise" on the public stage; and there, behind it all, Bartholomew Fair and the fat woman! It is a delusion to talk of the picture-stage succeeding the platform-stage. Picture it is, and picture it has always

been, from the days of the Ox and the Cradle in the cathedral to those of "Othello" at His Majesty's Theatre.

From out of these centuries of chanting, laughing, and mocking, there rises, like the dawn of a better day, and, alas! for one day only, as it were, down the ages, a little wooden theatre in the fields, which was a carpenter's gift to his countrymen, and the first English playhouse; a building, classic in its austerity, with its old, rush-strewn boards, and its tapestry-hung stage. Later on, Shakespeare and the carpenter's son carry on the father's playhouse, inheriting his toil and his true English resoluteness. There, on one side of the water, was "Blackfriars," with its candle-light, its music, its costumes, its Queen, its Court, and its coaches; on the other side the "Globe," with its poet and its players creating the masterpieces of tragedy, when the scene vanishes almost as suddenly as it came. Tragedy is asleep again perhaps for another thousand years, and throughout it all the picture-stage remains triumphant, and continues to remain so.

Nor can we forget that James Burbage, who built our first regular theatre trod by our greatest tragic poet, and his son, our first great tragic actor, sleep without a tablet to record their memory.

#### POETRY AND SATIRE.

"The Setting Sun." ANONYMOUS. (Murray, 1s. 6d. net.)

"THE SETTING SUN" is published anonymously, but rumor has supplied it with an author—on internal evidence, a probable one—Sir Ronald Ross. This is enough to distinguish it; and in itself, it is not a poem to be ignored; but it certainly cannot be said that it is on a level with Sir Ronald Ross's "Philosophies." Both in substance and in art, it is a long way below that very remarkable volume. Several noticeable opinions, however, that were there transmuted into grave and sonorous verse, appear again here, easily recognised, though in a decidedly "unbuttoned" mood; most conspicuously, a strong belief in the virtues of science. "The Setting Sun" is a general satire; an easy, sweeping condemnation, at once rollicking and splenetic, of the England of the present time. One should not, of course, argue with a satire; especially with a satire directed against the whole state of society. Naturally, in such a poem, everyone will be able to agree with something, for no one was ever wholly satisfied with his society; and where we agree with a satire, we pronounce it good. But the test of such a poem comes when we disagree with it. If in these places it seriously annoys us, or forces us to reconsider our own opinion, or merely gives us the subtle pleasure of disagreeing with a witty adversary while we acknowledge his wit—then the satire has certainly not failed. "The Setting Sun" does not pass this test. It is easy to approve of it when we agree with it; when we disagree, we simply pass on, undisturbed and not specially delighted, until we are once more in agreement. For the fact is, the poem is too obviously written in "unbuttoned" mood. It lacks, on the whole, hard thinking and hard writing, the two things absolutely required to make tolerable satire of this Hudibrastic kind. It trusts too much to the rattling metre and some passable absurdity of rhyming to carry the affair off. But that is not at all what its great model does. The rattle and absurdity and whimsy of "Hudibras" do, indeed, give a first impression of a man writing in "unbuttoned" mood; but one has only to look closely into that wonderful performance to see how elaborately it is all contrived. The sourest parliamentarian could scarcely have helped enjoying the unflinching wit of "Hudibras"; and, as he enjoyed the wit, he would certainly have needed either to stiffen his own opinions, or to agree with Butler that they were inconspicuous. This is not the effect of "The Setting Sun." The author says formidable things, but they do not sting, they do not invigorate; and all we can do is just—to let him say them.

Such criticism as this, indeed, is one of the things which "The Setting Sun" attacks. There is, it appears, a vast conspiracy of critics, sworn together to praise manner and decry matter; and the poets of the day, it also appears, live



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for nothing else but to please the sinister wishes of these conspired critics:—

"For it is part of Critic's scheme  
To honor phrases more than theme,  
To put the word above the thing,  
The how before the what we sing.  
For centuries our British art  
Has wanted in the highest part,  
Which always was and will be—theme."

This is "unbuttoned" talk—after-dinner satire. Centuries? How many centuries? "The ancients," says this censor, "made the tale supreme"; and these "ancients" are exemplified in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare. So the centuries in which British art has lacked theme, the highest part, must, apparently, include Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, and Browning. And now we have come to such a pass that we have quite forgotten how to make "the music, not of words, but deeds." Is Shakespeare's music, then, "not of words"? And would his "music of deeds" be the same if it were put into different words? Is "the tale supreme" in Dante? Is it of greater significance than his imagery? But there is no need to fumble any more in this musty mare's-nest of the "how" and the "what" of poetry; there is nothing in it but loose thinking. "The Setting Sun" itself is a good instance of the penalty of drawing a hard distinction between "how" and "what," and of taking for an eternal verity the baseless prejudice which prefers "what" to "how." If the author really thinks that the greatness of what is said in poetry can be truly distinguished from, and is more important than, the greatness of the saying of it, we can only recommend him to make a careful study of Sir Ronald Ross's splendid poem, "In Exile." There he will find poetry able to deal with a great theme, because the great theme has become a great manner.

The too-evident fault of the passage just considered appears several times in this satire; when the author is sneering at metaphysics, for example, or proclaiming that a poetic and a warlike spirit must exist simultaneously. The fault has already been noted; it is a lack, first, of hard, clean thinking; and, secondly, the consequence of the first lack, of hard, clean writing; it is a fault of that kind of manner which is inseparable from matter. The result is that "The Setting Sun," on the whole, fails as a satire; for it fails to rouse us when we disagree with it. But it is by no means a thing to be condemned off-hand and wholesale. There are several good jokes in it, and a considerable deal of pungent common-sense, forcefully, if not very memorably, put. And there are sudden little outbursts of sheer poetry, which make us perceive that the author is one who is tyrannising himself when he writes satire; poetry of this quality:—

"No more in deep-dell'd woods at noon  
Pan pipes unseen his sudden tune,  
That shadow-dappled Naiads near  
Shrink in their startled pools to hear."

Or this, less removed from the general texture, and a more complete solution of the "how" and the "what":—

"And, as the drumming lesson goes,  
Golden, without, the summer glows,  
The birds sing and the azure sky  
Makes every little sufferer sigh  
To be upon the wind-blown fields,  
Where leisure more than learning yields."

That sets educational scepticism on the right grounds; and the passage is one to remember, not because there is an idea in it, but because the idea has been turned into poetry—a question of manner again.

But the real significance of "The Setting Sun" is in what the poem sets out to do. Its partial failure is an accident, due perhaps to a choice of form temperamentally uncongenial, and perhaps to pernicious theory; for æsthetic theory is only dangerous when a man compels himself, rather than is impelled, to write. But many will no doubt read it in spite of its questionable success; for in it is to be felt that profound and increasing dissatisfaction with traditional values, which is the result of science, and a characteristic, not yet adequately expressed in poetry, of the time. "The Setting Sun" is an attempt to poetise the ideal of science; therein is its importance; only the method chosen—that of satire—has turned out, for its author, unfortunate. But, at least, it has made the attempt. The

"transvaluation of values" is the thing nowadays that demands poetic expression; and nothing that gets near to expressing it should be ignored. If "The Setting Sun" be really the work of Sir Ronald Ross, we hope he will go back to the vein of his "Philosophies"; for there he achieved what this satire only attempts—the poetic realisation of the new *amor fati*, of man's sense of his intellectual and moral place in the world which science insists on recognising.

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THE special virtue of Mr. Hobhouse as a sociologist is that he stands for a unified and integral study of society as distinguished from civics, eugenics, and the numerous other specialities into which the general study is so easily dissolved. His latest volume, consisting of a series of lectures delivered last year at Columbia University, is a compact and formal vindication of the scientific and practical utility of a philosophic basis. The need of breadth and unity is illustrated by an examination of the errors into which Eugenics, as divorced from a clear conception of the conditions of social progress, leads its devotees. Indeed, it may be said that the main purport and result of the earlier chapters is to rescue sociology from the dominion of biological conceptions and method. The process of human progress, as Mr. Hobhouse sees it, is achieved by, and consists in the displacement of, hereditary and animal instincts by social tradition and reason. In other words, progress is social, not racial—psychic, not physical. Social evolution is discovered to be "a fabric of human achievement, accomplishing itself through the medium of what we call cumulative tradition," which is, in effect, a system of spiritual relations between man and man expressed and sustained by political, economic, religious, and other institutions. A historical examination of this evolution exhibits certain common tendencies towards closer, deeper, and wider mutual aid among men, accompanied by a clearer will and conscious purpose. This growing consciousness of the power and value of co-operation is, as Mr. Hobhouse shows, the most potent factor in the acceleration of social change. "Progress has consisted in the realisation of the conditions of full social co-operation and in the extension of the rational control of life. But the whole of the advance actually realised now assumes the aspect of a merely preparatory stage. For it culminates, as its lines converge, not in a sense of completeness, but in the formation of a purpose—the purpose of carrying forward consciously and unswervingly that which has gone on in unconscious, broken, and halting fashion, the harmonious development of the social life of man." In other words, social progress requires the conception of some end to be progressively achieved; that end is the production of a growing social harmony, expressed objectively in co-operative activities and institutions, subjectively in that organisation of common thought and feeling which is termed the "social mind." The growing harmony is recognised by the common sense of mankind as intrinsically valuable, and it is this recognition that warrants us in finding progress in the course of what otherwise is only evolution.

Mr. Hobhouse here, as elsewhere, lays peculiar stress upon the distinctively ethical or moral nature of the process of valuation and of the values. We are not, however, certain whether the valuation which common-sense imposed upon social progress is especially ethical as distinct from hygienic, æsthetic, and intellectual. There are various other sorts of values which count; nor does the term "harmony," which Mr. Hobhouse is fain to adopt as the best expression of his end, suggest the ultimate supremacy of a moral as distinguished from an æsthetic standard. The body of concrete achievement which, according to the consciousness of "good citizens," constitutes social progress would be a blend of physical, intellectual, and moral goods, such as better food and sanitation, improved opportunities of education and recreation, better manners, a diminution of drink, vice, and crime, and, in general, a more thought-

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ful, peaceable mode of life and conduct, both in private intercourse and in the larger life of groups and nations. Growing harmony of purpose is, without doubt, a term which suitably expresses the central character of this human process, but we doubt the utility of reducing the composite body of this general well-being to terms of exclusively ethical significance. With this qualification, however, we agree that the growing realisation in consciousness of social harmony is the best single index of social progress, and that Mr. Hobhouse is right in his insistence upon the important contribution which sociology can make to the art of social progress by keeping this conception in the forefront of thought.

Accepting the evolution of social mind as the determinant principle, Mr. Hobhouse illustrates its working by a brilliant exposition of the growth of political government and its relation to individual liberty. For it is in politics and the related sphere of economics that the problems of reconciliation between the one and the many, central control and liberty, bring out most clearly the organic nature of mind. There is among educated men and women a very persistent survival of individualism, less as an intellectual doctrine than as a state of feeling, which serves as a formidable barrier to social reform. Among such the State is still a strictly limited social contract for mutual protection, and economic society is similarly conceived as a co-operation for merely individual ends. Though the view is incompatible with the acceptance of any doctrine of a general will, such as is required to give validity to the idea of a modern progressive State, or with the acceptance of a doctrine of value which the psychology of modern economics involves, it prevails widely among a people to whom psychology and sociology are little other than "fake" sciences. Mr. Hobhouse's forcible and well-knit exposition of the liberty and rights of individuals in the modern State is better calculated to break down this individualism than any other method that could be devised. For, always emphasising the development of personality as the end, he shows, by striking illustrations, how the functions of the State have grown for the express purpose of assisting in this process of personal development. For, though a city, or a state, or humanity at large, has a moral personality of its own, more or less compact, with a knowledge, a power of conduct, a will, and an end or ideal of its own, that collective personality can only thrive and grow on condition of its contributing to the attainment of the higher personality of the individual members. To this doctrine of the distinctively organic nature of society, and of the State as a political organ of society, Mr. Hobhouse here makes a very notable contribution. His volume will serve not only as the best general introduction to the meaning and methods of "sociology" that has yet appeared in this country, but as an invaluable incentive to wider social work for the attainment of a great system of concentric purposes among those at present prone to expend too large a proportion of their attentive energy upon some single small immediate end, because they fail to grasp the larger harmony of social purposes.

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Mr. Upton Sinclair is known to fame as the author of a novel with a purpose, "*The Jungle*," and as a sincere, if somewhat erratic, reformer who has actually hatched-out some of his schemes for the regeneration of society. In the States, where the hardest-headed citizen has, as often as not, a streak of visionary idealism which lays him open to cranky "notions" which a European would reject with scorn, Mr. Upton Sinclair is happily placed, combining, as he does, the alarming strenuousness of the business ideal with the fanaticism of the seeker after truth.

The hero, Thyrsis, who has "a heritage of gentle breeding" and a drunken father, is a literary genius. Thyrsis certainly pours out an extraordinary profusion of novels, poems, stories, articles, which, for the sake of the argument, we must concede show high original talent. Of course, no American magazine editor or publisher has any use for such productions. Thyrsis is unknown; his writings resemble nothing that is marketable, and his few friends all prophesy his total failure, and urge him to get some post, or permanent job, as literary journalist. Thyrsis is obstinate, and in the thick of the struggle he meets the girl Corydon, and the two young things fall in love with one another and marry on nothing. Here begins the tragedy of married life. Mr. Sinclair, with amazing energy, resolution, and conviction, spares us nothing of the doubts, fears, complications, and perplexities of the young couple in their wooing and mating, in their housekeeping, in the birth of their child, in their misunderstandings, bliss, self-torturings, reconciliations, and conjugal readjustments. Simultaneously, the "living picture" provides us with an endless stream of impressions of American life, of its merciless "business" Moloch, of its spirit of reckless extravagance, sub-conscious hypocrisy, bewildering contradictions, conventional codes, and hard materialistic outlook. The fact that Thyrsis is going against the social stream, violating deliberately the unwritten laws of compromise, of money-making, and of shouting with the majority, gives Mr. Sinclair an excellent opportunity of attacking the business ideal. We cannot deal here with the searching analysis of Thyrsis's marital relations. We have been told that before by Socrates, and latterly by Tolstoy, and Mr. Sinclair, by his painstaking road, arrives at the conclusion set forth in "*Man and Superman*."

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of information, Mr. Beresford is less correct when writing on the journalists' workshop, and the latter volume has signs of being compiled with less care than its predecessor. We find, for example, that the story of Johnson's association with the Cheshire Cheese Tavern is repeated, though there is not the slightest evidence for its truth. It would, however, be unreasonable to demand perfect accuracy on every point in a couple of volumes so crowded with facts as are Mr. Chancellor's. They contain a store of reminiscences and anecdotes of many famous men of the past, though we regret that their author has given so little space to the later nineteenth century. A more extended treatment of that period would have made them fresher and more interesting.

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Mr. O'Malley concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts and the payment of a final dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares and 50 per cent. on the Founders' shares.

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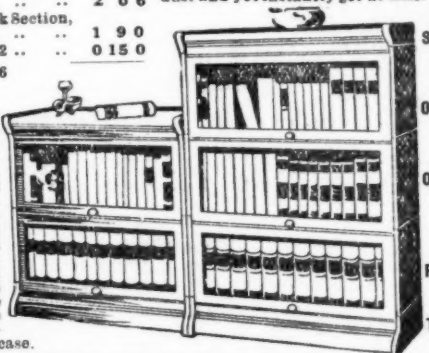
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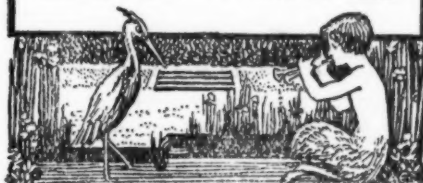
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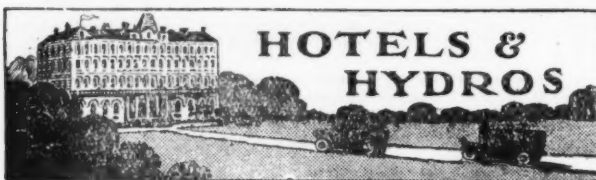
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